THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XIX. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 39 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1863 TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 10.

"THE PILGRIM TO PALESTINE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Pilgrim to Palestine, thou art not aloned,
Though thou art bound in a glorious strife;
Strike where Saints, Prophets and Sin-crushed martyrs
Hallowed of old!

Pilgrim to Palestine! I too shall visit
Sacred soil of holiness, shrines full of light,
Shrines of the wonderful, where mystical voices
Jubilate forever.

Then
Those sinless thoughts are mine—not bright and fair
Thoughts;
There sing the waters of sacred ecstasy;
There chant the winds on their great far-off organs
The merciful God.

Then
There here the poets in ecstasy wandered;
There here they faced a miraculous glow;
Where Nature's angels mould soul-dazzling warfare,
Prince of Him.

Pilgrim to Palestine, thine's a grand mission,
Going on footprints the Holy One made;
But the Sepulchre from his sins thou'lt shake
Glowing with God!

THE FORTUNES OF CONRAD.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT BRITTANY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

CHAPTER X.

A NEW PROOF.

Prince Bertrand did not lie long bound as his captor had left him. Master Pierre had not been quite so senseless as he had appeared. He had, in reality, recovered his senses in season to see his master disarmed and bound; but a regard for his own safety had suggested to him the propriety of remaining quiet until the dreadful denouement had gone. As soon as Conrad had disappeared he arose to his feet, and approached the captive, where the Prince lay; and when the bonds, his first effort of consciousness, he exercise his attendant. Pierre bore it with becoming fortitude, outwardly begging for mercy, but inwardly thanking his stars that the sword of the mountaineer had spared him to be the recipient of the prince's curses.

After a while, however, Bertrand had cursed enough, and his next idea was concerning the man who had so humbled him. He would have inflicted him if he had dared; but his coolest judgment told him that his purpose of vengeance would best be served by proceeding cautiously.

"Of one thing," said he, to his companion, "I am certain: This fellow is no common mountaineer."

"Who is he?" asked Poins, with honest simplicity.

"That is what I am determined to find out. But we can learn nothing here. I know where the canal lies; and Adolphe informed me that an old man and woman were left in charge of the premises. Of this couple I will gain the information I seek. Come—let us be moving. Does your head pain you much?"

Poins groaned terribly, for he was just beginning to realize how lastly his head was bruised. Bertrand soon brought with it the power to feel the pain. He went down to the river and bathed the wounds, and when he had bound a scarf about his head, he mounted a horse, and set off by the side of his master. After a short ride of three hours they reached the lower end of old man and woman were left in charge of the premises. Of this couple I will gain the information I seek. Come—let us be moving. Does your head pain you much?"

Poins groaned terribly, for he was just beginning to realize how lastly his head was bruised. Bertrand soon brought with it the power to feel the pain. He went down to the river and bathed the wounds, and when he had bound a scarf about his head, he mounted a horse, and set off by the side of his master. After a short ride of three hours they reached the lower end of the canal, where they would also obtain food for the following forenoon.

Here they found the boat which they set forth again, and taking with them the old man and woman, they mounted, and wearing the same course as before.

"Hallo!—Bernardo—is this you?" cried Bertrand, as he recognized the leader of the party. "Are you alone?"

"And whither go you?"

"Why, you see I follow you, on the road, in the confines of Normandy?"

"Ah, yes—I remember. By Saint Michael! this is most fortunate." Then turning to Poins, he added:

"You and I will be saved some trouble. I will have that old man and woman brought to me at my castle of Montevere; and, on the whole, I think the plan will be a good one. They had better not be at home when Master Conrad returns; for I have no great faith in the fellow's story should he tell to too many."

"But he will tell his story at Rimon," suggested Poins.

"Of course he will; but I apprehend that the duke's people will not be in a hurry to circulate it. Nevertheless, I will break up this nest; and I'll have Master Conrad under my thumb; and, as a consequence, I'll secure those two who gave who have charge of his family secrets. He a mountaineer! The thing is preposterous. He is something more than he appears; and what he is I am determined to know."

"Have you orders for us, my lord?" asked Bernardo, as the prince turned towards him again.

"Yes,—and important ones, too. In the forest to the north-west, there is a cot; and in that cot there are an old man and an old woman. I want them brought to me at my castle of Montevere. The place is not more than eight or nine leagues away, and you can easily reach it, and secure the prize, and join me at Montevere by midnight. I shall then have further work for you."

"It will be a pleasure to me, I assure you," said Bernardo, as the prince turned towards him again.

"Yes,—and important ones, too. In the forest to the north-west, there is a cot; and in that cot there are an old man and an old woman. I want them brought to me at my castle of Montevere. The place is not more than eight or nine leagues away, and you can easily reach it, and secure the prize, and join me at Montevere by midnight. I shall then have further work for you."

"It will be a pleasure to me, I assure you," said Bernardo, as the prince turned towards him again.

"I think I can find the place," said Bernardo.

"Then you understand what you are to do? I am to bring an old man and woman to you, at the castle of Montevere."

"Exactly."

"But had I better not know the names of these people?"

"Aye—I forgot that. Let's see:—their names are Poins came to his assistance.

"The old man's name is Francesco, and the old woman's is Marguerite."

"These are the names," added the prince, "and now to your work."

"Ho, there!" said Bernardo: "I am I to treat them as friends?"

The prince was still smarting under the memory of the treatment he had received at the hands of Conrad, and the spirit of vengeance prevailed even to those who had reared the daring youth.

"No!" he thundered, bringing his clenched fist down upon the pommel of his saddle. "They are the nurses of vipers!—You would not be unnecessarily severe to them, but you would not allow a dog to snarl and bite."

"I understand you, Bernardo; and your commands shall be obeyed."

The prince and Poins then left the scene, and kept on to the westward, while the six mounted men turned to the northward.

Bernardo kept on at a good pace for an hour, or more, when he arrived at a point where two streams came together, and where there appeared to be two well-trodden paths. He forded the stream to the right, and followed the other. At the end of another hour he concluded that he ought to be somewhere very near to the place he sought. In a little while he came to an open space, where he met a boy, with a bow in his hand, a quiver of arrows at his back, and a brace of bares over his shoulder.

"Hark'ye, boy! Do you know where a youth, named Conrad, lives?"

"Yes, sir,—I know where he lives when he is at home."

The little fellow had a keen eye, and he surveyed the sound party very narrowly.

"Where is he now?"

"Not on this road, sir."

"Ho,—have you come out of our way?"

"That depends upon which point you started from."

"We came from the south."

"Up the river?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you find two roads below here?"

"Where the two streams come below?"

"Yes, sir."

"No."

"Well, sir,—you took the wrong road. Your quickest way to reach the cot is to go back and commence over again."

"But there must be some way to cut off such a length."

"Not unless your horses can climb over precipitous walls of rock, or else shoot their way through woods where the trees have been felled."

Bernardo winced at the last coolness, and then asked, and, without further remark, he turned his horse and galloped off, followed by his companions.

The boy watched them until they were out of sight, and then went on his way, whistling to himself and swinging his bow. In less than half an hour he was at the cot in the valley, where he found old Francesco just coming out, on his way to the field.

"Ah, Simon—is this you?"

"Yes, good father."

"You are on the wrong track for home."

"Not so far on the wrong track as are some others I set off on."

"What is it he is to be wondering, Simon. Your mother will be watching for you."

"Let her watch, father. It will prove a falsehood I have been telling. Listen: Not far from here, and not more than half an hour ago, I met six armed men. They were villainous-looking fellows, whose dark eyes flashed mischief; and I knew that they belonged to the roving band that I have heard you speak of—the band that goes about when the wicked prince has a mind to do. The leader of these men asked me if I knew where Conrad lived; he meant to find me out. I didn't like the looks of the men; and I didn't like the tones of the leader's voice, so I set them on the wrong track."

"Why did you that, my son?"

"Simply that I might come and inform you of what was going on. I suppose they will find you; but you will have had warning, and may be prepared."

"And for what do you imagine I can be prepared?"

"Indeed, good father, I cannot tell. Perhaps to die."

"No, no, Simon. I thank you for your thoughtfulness; and though your effort may prove of no advantage to me, yet I appreciate it all the same."

Francesco walked some distance with the boy toward his home, cautioning him, as he went, touching the interview with the armed men. Simon had but little to tell in addition to what he had already related. The old man thanked the boy once more, and then went back to his duties, and Simon went on his way.

"I will say nothing of this to Marguerite," said Francesco to himself. "There may be nothing out of the way. This may be a portion of the party that Conrad went to guide into Mayence."

But the man was not given to useless scrutiny, nor to groundless fears; and he very soon forgot that he would wait until the mysterious strangers made their appearance.

The evening passed away. The night came and went; and another day drew near to its close.

It could not have been anything very important that those men wanted."

"Where is my son?" were the first anxious words when he beheld six men approaching from the west. They were soldiers, and the old man quickly discovered, by their uniforms, that they belonged to the private service of the prince. Marguerite, who had been at the door on the watch for Conrad, heard the tramp of heavy feet, and came out from the cot just as the men arrived.

"Is this the place where a youth named Conrad lives?" asked Bernardo.

"Take the place," replied Francesco, regarding his interlocutor narrowly, and then sweeping his eye over the others.

"Is your name Francesco?"

CONRAD ARRIVING WOUNDED AT THE CASTLE OF REVERE.

"It is."

"And is this woman's name Marguerite?"

"It is!" The old woman uttered this in a tone of startling interest. Then, before she was many seconds in making up her mind to some decisive measure, she exclaimed, "Conrad is in trouble, pitiful warrior in front there. Tell me—tell me—but not here man. They were stalwart, *willful men*, but not utterly lawless. They were soldiers, and might as well have been on the gaols of brigands.

"Francesco and Marguerite, you must go with us."

"Eh?" The old man started. "Whither go we?"

"You shall find out when you get there."

"I do not comprehend you, sir. If you wish me to accompany you, you must be more explicit."

"I will be explicit when the time comes; but for the present we have had just about as much perplexity as we can bear. We've been hunting for you since yesterday noon; and I verily believe that you first-and-twenty hours ago we were within less than half-a-league of here."

"We must have taken a roundabout way, then."

"Aye—we did. A young imp, in the shape of a boy, set us on the wrong track. But we've found you at length, and you will make haste to go with us."

"You will tell me what this means before we go."

"No,—I won't time."

"Are we to be prisoners?"

"I am to go home to take it."

"If what authority do you come hither upon such an errand?"

"No matter. Are you ready to go with us?"

Francesco's blood began to boil. What could be the meaning of all this?

"Look ye," he cried, starting back and drawing himself defiantly up. "I know that you are servants of Prince Bertrand. His the prince you seek, you may this errand?"

"We come not here to be questioned," replied Bernardo, angrily. "By the gods! we have had trouble enough in finding you, and we don't choose to have more trouble in accomplishing our purpose, now that you are found. If you have horses at hand you may ride; otherwise we must provide some other way."

At this Gaultier Marguerite sank upon her knees.

"In mercy's name, gentlemen, go not from my home!" she cried, raising her clasped hands toward the soldiers. "What have I done? Why would you take me away?"

"Peace, old woman!" cried one of the lieutenants of the ruffians, with a brutal oath. "Your God, we'll be on the road the whole of another night."

"Why not a hand upon her!" exclaimed the old man, as one of the soldiers started towards the kneeling woman. "He had his liberty still in his hands, and he sprang forward to shield his loved one.

"By Saint Michael!" growled Bernardo, "the old dog seems to like! We must make quick work of him."

Five of them sprung upon Francesco, crushing the staff from his hand and bearing him to the ground. They lasped for him while he was down, and at once they might have had more trouble; and, even as it was, they found some difficulty in binding him. But the work was at length accomplished; and, as the old man was lifted to his feet and led away, two of the ruffians seized upon the weeping and dragged her on after her companion.

CHAPTER XI.

UPON THE ROCKS.

Conrad appreciated the peril of this outrage at a glance, and as his eye caught the uniforms of the ruffians he recognized them as belonging to the same tribe of villains he had belonged to those who had already crossed his path. But more than this, the thought flashed upon him that they had come directly from the prince; he was sure that such was the case—as sure as he could be of anything of which the senses had not taken direct cognizance.

"Hold there!" he shouted, reining in his horse close upon the leader of the gang. "What foul deing is this?"

The voice was one of authority and power, and the men stopped and looked up, but when they saw the humble garb of the speaker they started to move on again.

"Don't, stop," said Bernardo. "I will look to this young gentleman."

Conrad leaped from his horse, and sprang to Francesco's side. His first impulse, as his foot touch the ground, had been to draw his sword; but another thought came in its place. Before those who led the prisoner could divine what was meant, the youth had drawn his dagger, and cut the cord that bound the old man's arms. It was but the work of an instant, performed so quickly as it had been conceived; and before the soldiers could discover what had been done, Conrad had leaped back and drawn his sword.

"Back boy, what would you do?" cried Bernardo.

"Thou will I do!" spoke the youth, counting the skull of the man who held Francesco's right arm.

As the fellow dropped, senseless and powerless, Conrad passed a quick word into his old father's ear.

The sword! The sword!"

Francesco needed not a second hint. He shook off the grasp of the ruffian from his left arm, and, with a movement as nimble and bold as a sprightliest youth, he grasped the sword of the fallen man, and hurled to the side of his friend and pupil.

"Look ye," he exclaimed Conrad. "Hold!—One word!"

Bernardo had started towards him, but at that motion he stopped—stopped in spite of himself. He was like a thunderbolt suddenly broken from prickly darkness into the full glare of day. The movements of the two men, and the quick action him as like a lightning-bolt that his mind was for the moment unnerved. Where he stopped the more readily at the word of command, and some instinct told him that the youth was about to undertake a fearful task, and in charge of his old father.

"Very well," replied Bernardo. "Suppose it is so?"

"I know it is so."

"And I can tell you one thing more, my good-natured old friend, that will go with you."

"Aye," cried Conrad, "I mean to do that very thing; but, mark me, we go not with you."

By this time the officer had fully recovered himself, and raised his sword for work.

"Do not hesitate," whispered Conrad, into Francesco's ear. "I will follow them. I have a wonderful thing to tell you. We must run them down."

The old man needed no further inducement. His blood was up, and like the youth of forty days ago, he had strength and will to his arm.

"Then we'll settle your affair with you," said Bernardo.

"We would not take your lives."

"Then go, and leave us in peace," replied Conrad.

The officer laughed.

"We are not boys," he said.

"Nor are you men," cried Conrad's quick retort. "You are villains and cowards, or you would not attack two unarmed and gray-haired old people as though they were dogs."

That word settle your affair with you."

So spoke Bernardo, with all the confidence of a master; but he found his confidence had misgiving forward. He had not prepared for conflict, for he thought he had only a passive party to deal with. He heeled a foot of power and bravery, but he did not think of ever being anything more. He struck at Conrad's sword as though he would simply knock it down; and that stroke was his last. The youth met it with strength, and though in a whirlwind, and in a moment more Bernardo was down, with a wound opposite through his neck.

"Hold!" cried Conrad, as he struck the leader of the gang from his sword. "I know what you would do, and I will not allow it."

Francesco was once more a soldier; and the moment he had disposed of his foe with the one sword, now gave proof that he could work as well with two. With a sword in each hand he went at best; and in this sort of combat they were more than a match for the ruffians. Conrad, he and fro with the rapidity of thought, keeping his opponent at bay, while the brutal chief, they-haired old man, who, but a short time since, had been the object of their sport, and the thing like a hero in his prime. At one time Conrad appeared to be in the midst of a circle, and now offering to make a lunge now to strike a blow. Now he had contrived to work around to the rear of the youth, and then his object became apparent. With a terrible lunge he left the old man, and sprang upon Conrad's back. Francesco was upon him the instant at his side, and rend out to his pupil. Conrad heard the cry in season to turn around and meet the fearful stroke which had been aimed at his side. In another moment sword and pupil were together, and two of the enemy went down beneath their terrible blades.

Five of the ruffians lay stretched upon the greensward, and the sixth threw down his sword, and begged for mercy.

"Hold!" exclaimed Francesco.

"For, no," replied Conrad, lowering his point. "I strike not an unarmed man."

The battle was over, and while Conrad bid his mother back to the cot, Francesco took the only living one of the enemy in charge. When the

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

youth returned, the prisoner was sharply questioned, and he told his story honestly.

"You cut the prince not far from Montfort, you say?" remarked Conrad, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir. We met him and Poins."

"Yesterday noon?"

"Just before noon, I think."

"And but for the mistake of the boy you would have taken this old man and woman away yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"To the castle of Montsevrs, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"And the prince is waiting there for you?"

"We were to meet him there."

"That is enough. You need have no fear. We shall not harm you; but for the present we mean to keep you safely under our own."

The prisoner and a slight wound upon the shoulder, and when this had been attended to, he was bound, hand and foot, and carried to one of the outbuildings, where he was left to his own reflections.

When Conrad and Francesco returned to the rest the shades of night had gathered over the vale, and Marguerite, who had been by no way harmed, soon brought in a lighted candle. The good dame had not been bodily injured, but she was nevertheless weak from excitement and fear, though she breathed easier when she found that her friends were safe.

"Now, my son," said the old man, as soon as they were seated, "I am anxious to hear the meaning of all this; for I have heard you have a story to tell."

"Aye, father,—I have a story; and a wonderful one it is, too."

And hereupon the youth went on and related all his adventures, from the time of starting off with Baptiste and Adolphe, up to the arrival at the cot an hour before. Marguerite sat, meanwhile, trembling with her brain fairly in her lap; while Francesco seemed more inclined to listen in silence and wonderment to the wonderful recital. Conrad, on the contrary, sat with the softness of his mind's mask, and upon the danger incurred, that when the story had been concluded, he sat with his head and face for reflection, a cloud came upon his brow, and a look of trouble settled upon his face.

"Merciful Heavens!" gasped Marguerite, "what shall we do? O, the boy must not be taken away!"

"My mother," said Conrad, "you fear something more than mere danger for Francesco?"

"I fear everything!" cried the woman, wringing her hands in agony.

"Hush, good sister," interposed the hermit. "We may avoid the danger, you know."

"But how shall we avoid it? They boy will be brought forth, methinks."

"Stop, Marguerite. Say no more."

Conrad understood the matter at once.

"Look ye," he said, addressing Francesco: "There was one thing of which I did not tell you. The Duke of Rennes, when he had taken a fair view of you, seemed struck with something which he saw there; and he asked me if I was sure that Marguerite was my sister."

Marguerite uttered a low, quick cry of alarm, and Francesco shrugged his shoulders.

"And, furthermore," pursued Conrad, "he seemed to remember Marguerite's features. In short, there was something in my appearance which seemed to forbid belief in it. I am sure that his emotions and behavior did much perplex us."

"Indeed, Conrad," replied the old man, "you have not told me this before. I knew not when he made any more suspected. For the present let us attend to other things. We have enough to think of without dragging on matters of mystery. Is it not plain to you that we are all three in danger?"

"Certainly, father. I cannot hope that the wicked prince will allow us to dwell here in peace."

"Most assuredly he will not; and our only plan of safety is, to go away from here as soon as possible. Bertrand has too many tools at his command for us to leave him. He will be sure to going this very night. It seems that three soldiers were sent with a message, and had they sent with no trouble they would have delivered us up to their master many hours ago. Perhaps a more men-at-arms be sent this way, the prince will learn that he has by some means been foiled against us."

"Yes," cried Marguerite, "we must leave this place to night."

"And whither will you go?" asked Conrad.

"To the Abbey of Saint Aubin," answered Francesco. "Daghert will guide us thither."

Our hero thought as did the others. There could be no further safety for them at the cot, and the sooner they got away the better.

"The night is likely to prove fair," he said; "and we may reach Rennes before morning. Aye,—we can rest there some hours before day, if we let our horses go at their own speed. I suppose you intend to go by way of Rennes?"

"That is the best road, certainly."

Marguerite needed no interrogation. She had resolved that she would remain in the vale no longer. If she could get away, she would not wait to prepare the scanty stock. She only was ready to set forth, the prisoner was brought out, and his hands taken off; and then the boy was told that either he intended to go.

"Can I have my horse?" the man asked.

"Certainly."

"Then I shall make the best of my way homeward. I have friends there."

"So you seem to have the prince."

Aye. I might as well take my own life, as to return to the prince with the news that you had so forced to carry."

Francesco believed that the fellow spoke the truth, and he was suffered to depart.

After this the old man and his pupil went out to the scene of the conflict, and dragged the five dead bodies down to the river, and then returned and assisted Marguerite to her saddle. They had but little property of value to take with them, and as little to burden themselves with on their journey.

"Alas!" said the good woman, as they rode forth from the vale, "I fear that we shall never see this quiet retreat again; and something whispers to me that our period of repose is at an end."

"Courage, Marguerite. The good abbot can give us shelter for the present. If we can but shall come, we can leave Brittany."

"I fear not," said Conrad and touching the duke's question."

"Yes."

Marguerite looked to see that the youth was favored heavily, and then she said:

"It is possible that Castinle already suspects."

"How can he suspect?"

"Is not the boy's face a tell-tale? Look at him, and remember how the duke and him almost him fancied with the pride of victory, and with the fire of the warrior in his eye. Remember—the duke knew his father—"

"Aye," said Francesco, thoughtfully; "the duke was one of his father's nearest friends."

"Certainly," responded Marguerite; "and I think the duke hath eyes. Think of it."

"You may be right, my sister," returned Francesco. "It may be that Castinle has some hinting of the truth."

"And if he has as inkling, may not others have the same?" I'll then, Francesco, that we flee from Brittany. Remember our promise."

"I do not forget it."

"You caused fought it."

At this point in the conversation the road became wider, and Conrad fell back to Francesco's side, shortly after which the pace was increased to a gallop.

At midnight they reached Montfort, but made no stop. At a short distance beyond the village Conrad discovered that his horse began to grow lame. He stopped and examined the animal's foot; but could find no outward sign of trouble. At length, however, the lameness was too palpable to be mistaken. The right fore foot seemed to be weak, as though the ankle were sprained.

"I am sorry for the poor horse," said our hero, as Marguerite began to weep; "but I think he will carry me safely to Rennes."

"He is very lame," returned the dame, with much concern. She regarded accidents, in the pursuit of important purposes, as sure precursors of evil, and on the present occasion she was very alarmed.

"We have not much further to go, good mother—but one hour, and the animal will be safe. The beast will carry me through."

They were at the top of a hill, and for about half way down, the horse stumbled, and once nigh upon coming to his knees. Conrad drew the rein with a jerk, and without thinking, gave a vigorous plunge with the spur. The beast leaped up, and dashed down the hill at the top of his speed. It was a rocky, uneven path, and the horse's knees could not be seen which he did while under full headway, he went over upon his knees, and threw the rider far among the rocks by the roadside. Francesco hurried to the spot, but Conrad lay there, dead, and Conrad insensible. The beast's neck was broken, and the hermit saw that the old thunderbolt upon the old man had his pupil was the cause of his death.

Marguerite was soon upon her knees by the side of Conrad, and when she found that life upon left up, she discovered that blood was running down his face. It was not a case of trouble yet.

"Merciful Heaven! is this to be the last of the house?"

The agony of the woman caused Francesco to be more cool; he saw that his friend was dead, and should feel as quickly as possible the nature of the wound which had caused the death.

There was one wound upon the side of the head, from which the blood had flowed freely, but they could find no other hurt. This was enough to cause the death, no doubt; and they afterwards Conrad opened his eyes, and spoke; but not with reason. He seemed to know that he was in the hands of Gellath and Baptiste, and he called them by name, whereupon the latter, while he ran on them, and then became again unconscious.

"We must take him to the nearest inn," said Marguerite.

"We will take him to the Castle of Rennes," returned Francesco.

"But—the duke—"

"Stop, my mother. Difficulties. If the boy is to be long prostrated, he must be where his enemies cannot trouble him. If we take him to an inn, or to the cot of a peasant, the prince will be sure to discover him. And if we take him to the castle, no danger from that source can befall him."

Marguerite saw at once the wisdom of the course, and she said no more. Francesco then lifted the form of his friend, and bore it to the horse of Marguerite, and then he mounted the beast of Conrad, and also to offer the wounded man support. Thus they rode on, and at length they reached the castle of Rennes, and Francesco sent some one to announce his arrival. He was known as the son of Gellath and Baptiste, and he was received with the greatest joy. As they placed Conrad upon the bed of a room, he saw many evidences of the wealth which Francesco realized by his side, carefully guarding against Bertrand.

CHAPTER XII.

NEED OF COURAGE.

When the Duke of Rennes was informed that Conrad de Mond had been brought to the court of the castle, wounded and insensible, he felt not as much haste to have the youth attended to as he would have made had it been his own son brought to the gates in the condition. It was early in the morning; but after the inmates of the castle were stirring; and the youth was borne to a well-appointed chamber, where a physician belonging to the household was soon in attendance. Marguerite would not leave the room, though until she knew the worst; so she remained by the bed, and held his hands. The wound was washed from the head and face; and it was finally decided that the injury was slight, and that the wound already attended to. There were no bones broken, and no signs of any other bruise, but of a light character. After this conclusion had been arrived at, bandages were applied, and at length the patient opened his eyes.

The physician pronounced no great danger. He thought the youth would soon recover from the effects of the wound fever, he recommended that as few should remain in the room as possible. So all went out save the doctor and Marguerite, some of the servants being left at hand to answer to ease their services should be required.

The duke called Francesco to his own apartment, where he asked him to relate more than what he had seen. The old man commenced at the beginning, telling of the coming down of the men-at-arms to the cot; of the arrival of himself and Marguerite; of the meeting with the boy Conrad; and of the battle, and its results, closing with an account of the journey to the castle.

During the recital the duke watched the speaker very narrowly, seeming to be aware of the change of his countenance.

"I think you were wise in leaving the cot," he said; "and it is fortunate that you have reached my castle. Had you not done so, I could seek shelter for the youth at any other place, for there would have been danger. The truth is, my good sir, the prince is carrying a high, bold hand in Brittany. He is not only powerful with his own immediate followers, but he is gradually bending the other nobles to his imperious will.

"I know that such is the case, my lord," returned Francesco, modestly; "and I have heard it said I only wonder that the king does not interpose his royal will."

"Ah, Theobald is old."

"Not so old as I am by more than five years," cried the hermit; "and my arm is as strong; my eye as piercing, and my heart as true as when I served—"

"Served whom?" asked the duke, as the old man hesitated.

"In the army, my lord."

"What army?"

"I have not let out one army."

"But there are many departments to that army, my good Francesco. I think you served in the household of the Duke Charles."

"Yes, my lord."

The old man seemed troubled as he replied, but Castinle passed lightly on, and relieved him from his disagreeable.

"I can easily see how you have retained your faculties, father—I can see that you have lived a life of activity and temperance, and that your passions have been kept under control; but it has not been so with the king. He never was a strong man. His brother Charles would have made a better king."

"Much better," responded Francesco, nervously.

"As it is," pursued the duke "we must make the best of it. The prince is power, and for the present our young friend must be kept out of the way. I am glad Conrad is here. He has rendered me a most important service, and I cannot do too much for him. I trust this present injury will very severe harm."

Francesco hoped so, with all his heart.

"You were going to Saint Aubin, I think you said?" resumed Castinle.

"Yes, my lord. It was not a friend of mine."

"Very well,—the world would not prevent you from pursuing your journey, if you are desirous of doing so."

"I am very desirous. I will to see Daghert."

At this juncture a servant came and announced that breakfast waiting, and the duke invited the old man to go with him.

After breakfast the physician pronounced his patient out of danger—and then soon began to show a perfect possession his senses.

The lady Rosaline had not yet appeared,—an instance that she had yielded to question her father, and that when she had the report of the physician she remained in her own room. At length she condescended to make an interview with Marguerite, and then she learned the whole story which Francesco had told to the duke; and she was pleased with the brave youth, when if possible, in her estimation before.

In the evening the same physician announced that his patient was not only entirely out of danger, but that his mind was all he would soon be well again. Francesco and Marguerite were then allowed to visit the young man by his person. The dame was very anxious to see the youth, and when she entered the chamber, her compassion should accompany her. The duke followed her, and took the liberty to kiss him there.

"If it is your wish to repair to Saint Aubin," he said, "you need not wait here on Conrad's account. He will be well cared for in the castle. He shall have all comforts of nursing, and it was time to his true friends."

It is important that we should see the state of affairs at the castle of Rennes, that the reader can be conversant with what I think we find hereafter.

"It is not far from here?" said Marguerite, inquiringly.

"Not over eight leagues," replied the duke, and I think you will be safe and well there."

The good dame selected awhile, and finally concluded that she would go to the abbey. Francesco was all that was needed for, there was no further need, from which he could not extend himself.

Marguerite would be to see Conrad; and when she found that the youth was going, she assured him that the should not leave him until he was well.

I relapse do not indeed with the abbott, and there is no way of return," she said; "but better that you should come to us at Saint Aubin, and we will nurse you there."

Conrad promised that he would.

"Then, my lord," said Francesco, "I shall try and rest easy. I am sure that the duke will take good care of him, and I will go to the abbey, and will also see you safely to the abbey."

"Yes," said Castinle, "I will meet these two points," spoke aside from the other side of the table, so that the duke could not be heard. He had not seen his youth since the previous evening, and he had given no personal attention to affairs of the household, and also to offer the hospitality of the castle to Francesco and Marguerite. He had not seen the former, and he had assumed those features exactly true again. He knew, in an easy position, that Francesco had not too much conversation, and when he had said what he had to say, he left the room and left the hall he met Francesco.

The latter, being early conversant in the court, and the old hermit was in a hurry to depart, left with the duke exchanging a few words as though he would avoid him; but the thing of the castle, would not allow him to depart, and him to follow him to his library.

"I wish to speak with you a moment, good Francesco."

The old man bowed his head, and followed; but with a seemingly reluctant step. He felt sure that the duke was going to question him, topic of which he would rather not speak.

When they were in the library the duke closed the door, and motioned his companion to a seat.

"Francesco," Castinle commenced, in an earnest, direct manner, "I have a question to ask you, a few questions upon a very important matter, and I hope you will not refuse me a reply pleasure to answer me.

"Ask me, my lord, that you will not, but will nothing which I cannot answer," replied Francesco.

"We shall see. In the first place, however, I must remind you that I am your friend, and that for the present, at least, you have no need to be on the judge."

"Proceed, and now to commence: I speak of Conrad. He has been brought up from infancy by Marguerite, and you have been his tutor?"

"Yes."

"But you are not his father?"

"No."

"Is Marguerite his mother?"

"No, my lord. She is nursing me to belief."

"Not at all, good Francesco. Your answer already given is sufficient. Marguerite is not his mother?"

"My lord," plead the old man, with a look of pleasure, "I do not quite understand your question."

"Then I will put it in such. Have mercy." Francesco. Did you ever know Marguerite, for you can give me some satisfaction either? I know that Conrad is not the son of Marguerite; I know that Conrad is not the son of his father; and I furthermore know that both you and she have no more in the world than a bare existence. I do not approach me thus. You might be well to conceal matters."

"Another question, my lord," said the old man, "I tell you, my trusty friend, to me the whole story from which you refuse to conceal."

"Now, Francesco, you are trifling with me. I have put a plain question direct. Why was the life of that child, Conrad, sought?"

"The old man scrabbled himself, with his hands upon his knees, and gazed down upon the floor. He was in a terrible dilemma. He knew that Castinle was not to be trifled with, and he knew that he could not answer the question without betraying the secret of Conrad's birth.

"I will answer it, my lord; but you must pass over my next question treated in a different manner. Conrad de Mond was hidden away to save his life."

"How? To save its life?"

"Yes."

"Surely, its life was not threatened."

"I can tell you nothing of that. All I can say is, he mother feared for it. What they have seen in the future I cannot say."

"It is a mystery," said Castinle, rising from his seat, and striding across the room. "Somebody may have been wise. At all events, this affair after the proceedings of her own heart; and I think her love for the child led her to do as she did. Dagobert knows of this?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Thank you, Francesco. I will detain you no longer."

"But, my lord duke,—I must ask you to—"

"Peah! Have no fears on my account. I will see you, but you be not a better friend on earth than I will prove myself."

There was something in the duke's manner which Francesco did not like; but he had no opportunity for further remonstrance; for Castinle had opened the door, and passed out into the hall.

The horses were ready in the court, and a few of the duke's men-at-arms had been detailed to accompany the travellers on their way. Francesco was waiting; and now that she was ready for the start, she was anxious to be on the way. The old hermit attempted twice to speak with the lord upon the subject of the secret of which they had been conversing; but he did not find the opportunity.

Here no time, good Francesco," said the duke, after the old man had gained his saddle. "All is safe with me. The boy could not be in better hands."

"I must trust you my lord; and I shall try to prove myself deserving. You have a sacred charge; for you have promised to be a friend to the youth. Be true then in deed a friend to you."

A final word of parting was spoken, and Francesco and Marguerite rode out from the court, accompanied by the friendly guard which their host had detailed for their safety. Castinle watched them until they had passed beyond the walls, and then returned to his library, where he spent a full hour in deep thought, sometimes with his head resting standing; sometimes walking to and fro; and all the while talking with himself.

"Let things take their own course," he finally said, walking to the door and going forth from the vacancy before him. "Thus far I have had no hand in the mysterious workings; and I will stand aloof and see what the result shall be."

He left the room by the open space, and though his imagination was drawing pictures there, and making unnatural evidences for some future time.

Conrad improved wonderfully. The wound upon the head was not at all serious, and the strong fabric system from all injurious effects gave him safe conduct from fever. At the end of a week he was also allowed to dress himself; and on the morning of the third day the physician allowed him to walk in the garden.

"Whither now, my child?" asked the lady, as he met Rosaline in the hall.

She trembled as she met his eyes upon the parapet.

"I'm do not answer me," pursued Castinle; but his tone was low and kind.

"I—I—" said the maiden at length replied, "I trust that I am doing nothing wrong. Conrad is my brother, and I have been told that inquiries after his health, since his mother went to—"

"And you are now on your way to offer him personal attention?"

"Yes—if you do not forbid it."

"Nay, my child; I have no disposition to lay such an injunction upon you. We owe the youth a debt of gratitude, and every sacred honor he hath saved to us. I do not fear to trust him with you, and you may follow him in your trusting you. Go to him; and if your presence be found well to him, you may remain."

Rosaline, overjoyed, and found Conrad walking upon the parapet. She was overjoyed to see him, and he was overjoyed to see her. He spoke to him, but he, seeing her smile of greeting, and the kind manner in which he met her, was in no hurry—but—too happy in the bright presence—to question her cause. And when the duke of his brave preserver sounded again upon her ear, put away all false reserve, and took his as a sister might have met a brother.

Conrad was much better after they conversing the bright hours of that forenoon. On the following day, however, somewhat of the headache and elderly freedom returned, and he was not to leave his bed.

It was towards the close of a warm, beautiful day, and the two happy shadows were gaily gaily cooling the verdant spots where the rays of the sun had been penetrating the thickly wooded bank. Conrad and Rosaline were sitting by a little fountain, both silent and thinking, for a time.

"You are not able to go yet," said the maiden, in answer to a remark which her companion had made concerning his health.

"I am better able to go than I am to stay." He replied, and he looked down into the fountain, and then he added: "I am not used to laziness, and to deception of any kind. I must speak the truth, trusting that it will not offend you. I have my old blood—were I a family that held rank somewhere near your father's, I would stay in Rennes yet awhile longer. He would have turned away and concealed his face, but he met him his lips captured, and that his eye was tearful; but the immediate answer was a passionate embrace.

"Conrad," she said, with noble frankness, at the same time laying her hand upon his arm, "I am no more used to deception than are you. I will speak to tell you frankly, if you have made up your mind to leave us; but there is one thing I must ask."

"Rosaline—"

"My father has that right."

The duke turned to the youth's temple, and his whole frame trembled.

"Is it possible?" he gasped.

"My father?" she answered, in tones of sorrow and pity.

In mercy's name, do not misunderstand me, my lord."

"I am sure that I do not."

"Then why should you build me stay?"

"I should be happy—"

"Nay, nay—not this, this is too bright! Should I stay longer here, I would never leave, but—"

Rosaline paused, looked up into his face, and whispered:

"Conrad!"

"I could never leave, but with the prize my heart has won. Rosaline, I love you!"

"Conrad, Conrad. I know your heart, for I can not blind. Your arm folded not before the prince, in battle, and your sword was drawn for duke." She placed her hand upon his open hand, and he closed his grasp upon the precious offering, he knew that the love of the maiden was his.

But he dared to say no more. It was but a promise that Rosaline that she would wait for her father's decision. He must see the duke, and he would be second.

Courage!

So whispered Conrad to himself; not yet he trembled with more than mortal fear. He could have met a score of Brittany's bravest warriors in battle array with more hopeful courage than came to entain him as he approached the proud duke with that momentous question upon his trembling lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE BACHELOR UNCLE'S STORY.

"Harry, my boy, you are not going down town in that atrocious piece of felt?"

I stopped my hand rather nervously to my hat.

"Why not, Uncle Simon? Isn't it respectable enough?"

"Harry, you're my favorite nephew—all down and you shall hear how I lost my wife—that should have been—through a bad hat!"

I positively stepped.

"Weston Thorn and I were room-mates at the—school in our young days. There we dwelt together, and, as partners felt would have it, we both fell desperately in love with the same girl.

"Harry Trevor. Talk of your modern novelties —I never saw a prettier creature than Fanny was; cheeks like an apple-blossom, lip, and eyes that fairly made you wild with their coquettish sparkle. She was tall, and walked like a queen bright brides within a rod; I've liked seize ever since.

"Simon!" said Weston Thorn one night, "I'm in love!"

"So am I, Thorn!" I answered.

"And I'm in love with Fanny Trevor!"

"Are you, said I? So am I."

"Weston and I looked at one another steadily for a moment in silence.

"Simon," said he, "will you give her up?"

"No!"

"Nor will I. So here's to the health of him who wins her knight!" and we drank our glasses to the bottom.

"I then found off a glass of gold-banded champagne as he spoke. I pledged him; and although I felt my heart beating wildly within me, the sparkle of that bright wine yet, whenever I remember it.

"Well, our twin souls progressed with wayward steps. Each of us had his favorable hours. There desperate by waiting with me; sometimes I was the one in favor of the moment, and in my heart by wearing Weston Thorn's white rose. Then, again, Fanny would smile upon me, and arm in arm to ask Mr. Trevor's permission to marry her. Then address Fanny. Weston was a jolly old soul, and laughed heartily at my proposition.

"Go to, boy, and win her enchained. 'Fanny Trevor' is a name worth—whatever it is, else'll be pretty soon of a good husband!"

"Yes, sir," said I, on our way home, 'I shall invite Fanny to ride with me to-morrow. I'll drive to-morrow; to-morrow is a fine day, and I'll have a new cutter, a full length horse-blanket, and green river shoes.'

"Well, my boy, my opinion," said Thorn. 'I shall write a note of invitation also.'

"I went home, and took a step a sharp look out on the next morning. Harry as I would, however, Thorn walked out of the house, and shored and Pomona-bathed, just two minutes and a half before I. Jerry Simpson, my driver, was descended cravat to suit myself. I gave my hair one parting stroke before the mirror, brushed the brush, dived into the wardrobe for my hat, and descended to the door. Jerry and I could always walk faster than Thorn, so I felt little apprehension of my not overtaking him.

"I had a dim idea that the young ladies to whom we were about to be introduced were to go to a spring down stairs—and the little boys in the village had informed me that Fanny and her sister were to go there.

"I put a few dollars in my pockets—there was a fountain there, and I knew I should be in want of refreshment of the door of a lookingglass. Jerry brought the cutter, and I jumped into it to myself; a young gentleman got up to the horse's head, and away we went. The village people were accustomed to a flowery basin!

"I had driven about a mile, when I found I were rapid a driver of Lord Fetterston himself to Weston Thorn and Fanny Trevor.

"I had to the former weeks ago to secretly and put it by providing convenience to Fanny. I had not seen Thorn since that day, why hadn't I had the common sense to know that he had returned as well as I?

"I hit hurriedly in my pockets—there was the bouquet, and I was sure that I had on the epigrettes of the day. No help for it—back I went.

"The sun had mounted high enough to make the morning somewhat uncomfortable, and I was a hurry. Of course, my trembling fingers accomplished their task in the least possible time before I could turn the wards so as to admit the horse's head, and I was off, and once opened the wardrobe with nervous haste. There was my hat, but, in provoking contrast to mine, it was no small aggravation to my state of mind to think I could put it down. There was a new carelessness. As I turned to go out, the drawing-room door opened, and Weston Thorn, with a dispiriting visage that a moment's delay to eulogize, stepped out. Both my hands were full, and I dignified, off I started for the second time, on a run.

"Jerry was a jolly fellow, but I began to wonder if he had not come off in my hands. The horse was restless, and Jerry was obliged to exert as if he had expected no milder mess than that his hands were on the reins.

"Miss Trevor? is she in?"

"No, sir, she has gone to the boat with Mr. Thorn."

"I was off like a shot with the reins. The boat left at eight precisely. I glanced at my watch and saw that it wanted just three minutes and seventeen seconds of that time—I should be just yet be in time. I recollect little of that race to the boat. I only know that I was driving like a dare devil horses' heads, skilful Gurdings round fat old women, and shouting out to people with bushes and barrels.

"Was the boat gone?' I gasped, too breathless for distinct speech as I approached the pier. The boat was there, and a barrelling—a confusion, getting a shower of tobacco juice from his mouth. 'Was there room for me in the boat of the world?'

"If I could but have been a negotiator, with power to put that wretch into handcuffs! But there was no time for that. The boat was just moving; yes, she was! The plank had just been drawn in, and the boat was fairly a rod away from the pier, amid ringing bells and groaning steam. I shouted—I yelled—I swore. But I would not yet despair—I could surely spring on board. The boat was not yet in the stream!

"I didn't much care whether I was or not, at that moment. I could not caught sight of Weston Thorn on the deck, waving his handkerchief to me, and the face of Miss Trevor? Fanny's gipsy hat fluttering at his side!

"The boat was gone! They were engaged young people. To this day I cannot meet Mrs. Thorn without a shudder. I cannot look at my hand, although she, like myself, is old and gray. But she was very pretty then! And now, Master Harry," concluded my Uncle Simon, "go and get on a respectable hat directly, and remember that your uncle's whole destiny turned on the ghost of an old hat!"

I followed my Uncle Simon's advice, secretly remembering Rochefoucauld's maxim, that "in the sorrows of our best friends there is something agreeable to us." For if my uncle had worn the right hat and married Miss Trevor, I should not have inherited his money. It is a selfish world!

SEA-SHELL SONGS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Let us take up this shell!
Upon Memory's stem,
As I have, We hold,
To its low thanksgiving
Of the tides of yore.

Was it once
For the fate
That impatiently tost
The shivering sea
By the door of my boat;
That roared and fell frenzied, and warned in the glare
Of the lightning and bowlight tossed to and fro;
That tenderly sang me asleep when morning
Had lingered so softly with answering waves,
From tides resting stone, painted in full hues,
Their existence gave,
That stole on to the heaven
And the breeze-filled sails,
When Hope was a bird, and the stress-winged hours
Floated on through serene and sad dragging showers
To the glory beyond?
Was it speech
For these feet
That trembled to tread
In triumph the Isthmus' mock field?
That grew in them bowers;
To jostle the flow from sunrise to noon,
To fade out the tides from jasmine-like flow,
To the soft wild waters and wilder the dream
Of the tales that sadly relied on the stream?—
Was it not?
My Soldier?

THE RAGPICKER PHYSICIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY "SEBASTIAN."

In 1847, at which time I was editor of the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, a paper full of value to my knowledge, of which I gave the following account:

"One of our contributors, wishing to study the manners, language and habits of the lowest phases of Parisian life, went often, in the middle of the night, into those haunts where were to be met none but the outcasts of society, the victims of misery and by the fingnosters of these wretched ones, he could, without betraying his social position, seize himself on the wooden benches, empty his glass, and enter into talk with his studies and his observations.

"One night, on entering one of these haunts, he perceived, seated at a table in the middle of the room, a man whose bodily and mental power flew as lit up by a look of prostration and indulgence: the man was a ragpicker. By the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, one glanced at the left of this mysterious being, whose features addressed questions, felt the pulse, examined the tongue of each, and according to the nature of the disease, ordered rest to his patient, or gave him a ruby-written or a scrap of paper which he drew from his basket. The consumer, pushed to the highest degree, and wishing to pursue his inferences to the utmost, approached to him there, and, after an affectionate greeting, received the following reply: 'To cure your disease, you must go to the Hôtel-Dieu, ask for number —, and take a seat in the —— corridor, which sometimes break out appearance of the *Bandy of Paris*.'

"The fantastic was strange, and the man of letters, whose imagination was ardent, foresaw in this existence thus metamorphosed a magnificent subject of romance, and believed that he had found the rich vein in which Eugene Sue had gulled so much fame. He waited outside the door, and when, after the consultations, the Ragpicker ragpicker appeared, his basket on his shoulder and his hook in his hand, the romancer approached him, and asked him if he site with which he had just seen him play was not a cafe of fancy, odd and strange liberties which the adventure seekers of the last century had witnessed?

"'Not at all,' answered the ragpicker. 'I am really and truly a doctor of medicine of the Faculty of Paris; my diploma is entered at the prefecture and in the registers of the municipality of the Seine. I have satisfied all the requirements of the law. A sanitary place as his license, received the following reply: 'To cure your disease, you must go to the Hôtel-Dieu, ask for number —, and take a seat in the —— corridor, which sometimes break out appearance of the *Bandy of Paris*.'

"The fantastic was strange, and the man of letters, whose imagination was ardent, foresaw in this existence thus metamorphosed a magnificent subject of romance, and believed that he had found the rich vein in which Eugene Sue had gulled so much fame. He waited outside the door, and when, after the consultations, the Ragpicker ragpicker appeared, his basket on his shoulder and his hook in his hand, the romancer approached him, and asked him if he site with

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS:

Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to ROBERT BONNER, Publisher, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 10.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ANTONINUS PIOUS AND MARCUS AURELIUS.

The Emperor Adrian, upon his death-bed, was anxious to transmit his empire to some man whose integrity and ability would secure happiness to his subjects. There was, at that time, in Rome, a Senator, by the name of Titus Antoninus, whose elevated character had secured for him universal esteem. In consequence of his manifold virtues, so extraordinary in that corrupt age, he had received, by common assent, the surname of Pious. Adrian had often expressed for this man the highest esteem, and his judgment selected him as the most suitable candidate to succeed to the throne.

But there was, in the palace, a very beautiful boy, seventeen years of age, Marcus Aurelius. There was something so singularly fascinating in his disposition and manners that he completely won the heart of Adrian. Never did a doting parent love a child more fondly. The emperor, who had already, in heart, fully adopted him as a child, wished to constitute him as his heir. Still he hesitated to entrust the destinies of 150,000,000 of people to the hands of one so youthful and inexperienced. He therefore attempted to compromise the matter by transmitting the crown to Antoninus, with the proviso, that, at his death, the sceptre should pass to Aurelius.

Antoninus, an honest man, was faithful to his pledge. He immediately adopted Marcus as his own son, and then, to cement the tie still more firmly, gave him his daughter Faustina in marriage. He took the young man into his own counsels and so intimately co-operated with him in the government of the empire, that history usually speaks of this period as that of their united reign. This was indeed a sunny day to *the Roman world. Never before had there been, through those vast realms, such a reign of prosperity and peace.* Their united efforts were energetically and harmoniously enlisted in promoting the public welfare. Antoninus made himself acquainted with the character of the Christians, and resolved to protect them from further persecution, and issued the following decree:

"If any one shall, for the future, molest the Christians, and accuse them merely on account of their religion, let the person, thus arraigned, be discharged, though he is proved to be a Christian, and let his accuser be punished according to the rigor of the law."

The influence of Christianity was now manifestly beginning to be felt outside of the church in purifying morals. Antoninus, though not a professing Christian, was feeling the power of the Christian faith. He was strictly temperate and irreproachable in private life. He adopted, as his motto, the beautiful words of Scipio, which he often quoted:

"I had rather save the life of one citizen, than destroy the lives of a thousand enemies."

By economy in his own personal expenditure he was enabled greatly to reduce the taxes. He also, following the example of Adrian, built a wall in the north of Britain, from the Forth to the Clyde, to protect the frontier from the ravages of the Picts and Scots, the remains of which wall are still visible. After a reign of twenty-one years this truly good old man died, in the year of our Lord 161, and in the seventy-fourth year of his life. The grateful Roman Senate reared a monument to his memory which still remains, attracting the attention of every tourist in Rome. It has been said of him, "He is almost the only monarch that has lived, without spilling the blood of his countrymen or his enemies."

The death of Antoninus left Aurelius in sole occupancy of the throne. Influenced by the example of the revered Antoninus, he selected a younger partner to share with him the cares of empire. But, most unaccountably, he selected a very profligate young noble, by the name of Verus. Fortunately it became necessary to send him immediately from Rome. The Parthians, fierce as wolves, made an irruption into Syria. Verus, with a strong army, was sent to meet them. Upon his arrival in the luxurious city of Antioch he decided to remain there, in voluptuous indulgence, while he entrusted the command of the army to his generals. Giving loose to all his passions, he soon wore out the energies of life and miserably died. His death was doubtless a relief to Aurelius.

But now foes, on the vast frontiers of the Roman empire, began rapidly to multiply, and the empire was attacked fiercely, at various points. Aurelius roused himself to extraordinary energy to beat back these assailants. One of the legions of his army, consisting of nearly six thousand men, was composed entirely of Christians. The Christians had been marching over an arid plain, and were perishing with thirst, when they came in sight of the enemy. The barbarians were drawn up in great force before them. It is the testimony of both Christian and pagan writers, that a phenomenon ensued which was, at the time, regarded as miraculous. A sudden tempest arose, beating fiercely in the face of the barbarians, with a terrible storm of hail. But upon the camp of the Christians, at but a short distance, the same tempest poured a flood of water. The soldiers caught the welcome supply in their brazen helmets, and thus refreshed, and animated by the belief that God had interposed in their behalf, they rushed upon their disheartened foes and cut them to pieces.

This apparent miracle so deeply impressed the mind of Aurelius, and so inspired him with gratitude to the God of the Christians, who had interposed in his behalf, that he not only forbade all future persecution of the Christians, but wrote to the senate urging them to enact laws favoring Christianity.

Still the barbarians, from several points, were pressing forward like ocean tides. In the East, on the Danube and the Rhine, and in Britain fiercest wars were raging. Barbaric cohorts even invaded the plains of Italy. When driven back it was only to return with accumulated numbers.

Aurelius was a scholarly man, by no means fond of war. Many of his philosophical sayings are still quoted. Some of his writings have also survived the lapse of eighteen centuries. His interest in his people was such that he gave popular lectures to the masses in Rome. All writers combine in the praises of Marcus Aurelius. In history he is frequently spoken of as the second of the Antonines. Though himself one of the most virtuous of men, his wife, Faustina, was one of the most frivolous, fashionable and dissipated of women. The emperor, however, affected to be perfectly blind to all her faults, and treated her ever with the most uncomplaining and polite consideration. He had adopted, as the philosophy of his life, the principle of the stoics, that happiness is only to be found in supreme indifference to all external things. He therefore endeavored not to allow the shameless character of his wife, or any other apparent calamity, to disturb the serenity of his soul. The worse she behaved, the more blandly he smiled, and the more profusely he lavished upon her terms of endearment and titles of honor.

For thirty years Aurelius was unintermitting in his attentions to this worthless woman. He even loaded her guilty male friends with favors, conferring upon them posts of trust and emolument. He sought for public opportunities to treat Faustina conspicuously with respect. By a public decree he pronounced her to be "Mother of the Camps and Armies," and ordered all the soldiery thus to honor her. He published a philosophic work, entitled "Meditations," which gained great renown. All Rome smiled as they read in this book the expressions of gratitude of their revered emperor to the immortal gods, for having conferred upon him a wife so pure, so gentle, so loving, so faithful. At his earnest request the senate declared her to be a goddess, erected temples for her worship, and invested her with the attributes of a Juno and Venus. He had a son, Commodus, who inherited all the vices of his mother.

Tidings came to Rome that the Russian Tartars, in appalling numbers, were invading the empire. The danger demanded the most vigorous action. Aurelius placed himself at the head of his troops. It was his last campaign. He had just reached Vienna, when he was seized by the plague, and died, in the 59th year of his age, the 19th of his reign, and in the year of our Lord 180.

ARE GEW-GAWS "NECESSARIES OF LIFE?"

The intercepted letters found sometime ago on the person of a rebel envoy to Europe, showed conclusively that the fair Dulcinias of Dixie were in great need of such indispensables as kid gloves, laces, perfumery, and all sorts of furbelows. Mrs. Jeff. Davis' orders for these fashionable staples were of a wholesale character. But the particulars of the late "Bread Riot" at Richmond afford still stronger evidence of the destitution to which the Daughters of Chivalry have been reduced in the matter of personal embellishments. The three thousand dames and damsels who participated in the row, appear to have been absolutely ravenous for new bonnets, dressgoods, and trinkets. The Richmond *Sentinel* summed up the affair in these suggestive words:

"The millinery, dry goods and fancy stores suffered as much as those containing the necessaries of life."

Simple *Sentinel*—not to know that caps, French hats, silk robes, and glittering gew-gaws *are* necessaries of life to some ladies. The riot seems to have been rather an aristocratic affair upon the whole. It was headed by "a female above want," and directed mainly against the latest spring fashions. The Richmond papers have not given us the war cries of the interesting insurgents, but it is easy to guess them. "Embroidery or Extermination," "Gloves or Graves," "Ribbons or Ruin," "Diamonds or Death," would seem to be appropriate watchwords in such a "raid." President Davis, it is said, pacified the fair creatures by promising to "supply their wants at the expense of the government." Miserable man! The "summer styles" will be due in a week or two, and where is he to get them? Even could he procure them, how is he to stand the cost?

VICTORIES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WON.

After the smoke and dust of an inglorious campaign have rolled away from the theatre of war, it is not difficult to see how disasters might have been prevented and success secured. We should be careful, however, in arraigning the acts of military commanders at particular crises, not to judge of them by a state of facts which the parties held responsible had no means of ascertaining at the time, although it became palpable enough when the evil was past remedy. We have only to glance at some of the great battles which have decided the fate of empires to learn how often the best plans are rendered nugatory in war by circumstances against which no foresight can guard. From the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia to the repulse of Burnside at Fredericksburgh, there have been few military disasters that history does not show might have been avoided, or converted into victories. But, unfortunately, history is too apt, as it throws a blaze of light on all the circumstances bearing upon the event, to forget that only a portion of them could by any possibility have been foreseen by the defeated party. By all the rules of war, Napoleon ought to have thrashed Wellington at Waterloo; but, in consequence of Grouchy's infidelity or stupidity, the Prussians arrived on the field in time to change the destinies of Europe. As Burns says, "the wisest schemes of mice and men oft gang agley," and we ought not to permit our after-knowledge of all the circumstances of a case to bias our verdict on the conduct of parties who could not have known more than half of them.

—A French political writer says that so long as Eugenie reigns in the *salons* of the Tuileries, there will be no intervention in American affairs by France, *because* she fears that intervention would be followed by war with this country, and that *that* would use up all the Emperor's funds and leave her without the means to gratify her tastes, which are said to be more extravagant and luxurious than those of Semiramis or Cleopatra. It is reported that the doors of her boudoir, which are made of fanciful and exquisitely wrought combinations of ebony, ivory, gold and mother-of-pearl, cost over $100,000; that she frequently expends thousands of dollars upon a single article of dress, and *then casts it aside after wearing it but once*, and that she lavishes her bounties upon favorite charities with the munificence of an oriental despot, whose treasuries are heaped with "barbaric gems and gold." By such means she annually expends the revenues of a state, and her ostentatious and reckless extravagance grows from year to year with its unchecked gratification. It is often said that devastating wars have been occasioned by the whims of queens and empresses, but in this case it seems that the imperial feminine weaknesses are on the side of peace.

ORIENTAL SAGACITY.—HOW A MURDERER WAS DETECTED.

The Asiatics have a portion of character which peculiarly fits them for the legal profession—and this faculty, perhaps, is more distinctly developed among the Arabs than among any other Eastern race. They are accustomed to read the book of Nature for the signs by which they find their course over the trackless desert. An Arab will tell by the track of a camel's hoof whether it went loaded or otherwise; and, carrying the same kind of sagacity into his intercourse with his fellow man, he will read in the human face many a paragraph of concealed guilt or gnawing remorse.

An Arab Sheik of some note, returning late at night to his tents on the edge of the desert, was murdered, and the body thrown into a dry cistern hard by. Next day a neighbor called upon the wife of the deceased and with a look of much concern, asked her whether her husband had yet returned to his tent, or whether she had heard any news of him. On her replying in the negative, the man began to tear his beard and display other signs of great inquietude, after the manner of the Arabs, saying: "Last night, as I lay wrapped in deep sleep, something caused me to awake with a start, and there, standing upright before me in the moonlight, I saw your husband as plainly as I see you now. He was pale and his eyes were wild, and, withdrawing his hand from his breast he displayed a wound, inflicted, as he said in sleep and ghostly voice, by the poniard of Mebrouk, who then threw his body into the old well by the three palms. Search the well for him, and see whether I have spoken the truth."

The well at the three palms was immediately searched, and at the bottom of it was found the body of the Sheik, with a poniard wound in the breast. Mebrouk, the Arab indicated by the ghost-seer, was seized and brought before the three cadis who were hearing causes at the judgment seat, two of whom, on hearing the accuser's evidence, were for finding him guilty at once, but the third, who was an old wanderer of the desert, and a reader of the lines written upon the human face, said: "Not yet, my friends; if Justice is blind, surely she requires a guide to direct her steps. Have we any law by which the evidence of a ghost may be received as valid? If there be such, and if a spirit from the other world visited this witness with a story of how he came there, surely the same spirit will not refuse to appear at the bar of justice if regularly summoned. Summon, O crier, with three several calls, the spirit of the Sheik Ibrahim to appear before us, in order that we may hear his narrative from his own lips."

Three times, in front of the judgment tent, was the spirit of the Sheik Ibrahim summoned to appear, but no spirit came to the crier's call.

"Now," resumed the old cadi, "the prisoner Mebrouk has hitherto borne an irreproachable character among the tents, and we ought to have something more to convict him upon than the assertions of one who professes to have seen a ghost. True, that no blood has been found upon the poniard of the ghost-seer, but you will remark, on looking narrowly at him, a crimson blotch behind his right ear, as though he had wiped his gory finger there."

At these words the ghost-seer made a sudden movement, and, wetting with his mouth, in trembling haste, the corner of his garment, sought to wipe off with it the supposed mark of guilt.

"*He pales now,*" said the old cadi, "*but he paled not when he narrated the story of a departed spirit, at which terrible thing the souls of the bravest quail.* Search his tent, and you will find there the jewels taken by him from the body of the murdered Sheik."

And it was as the old cadi said. Jewels and a purse, recognized as having belonged to the Sheik Ibrahim, were found buried in the sand within the ghost-seer's tent, on which he made full confession of his crime, saying that he had murdered the Sheik for his wealth, and sought to lay the crime upon Mebrouk, both to exculpate himself and to get rid of the latter, whom he feared and hated because of his forgiveness of him, the ghost-seer, by whom he had once been robbed of a large sum of money.

Hating those who forgive a wrong is a common weakness of mean-spirited men, such as the Arab ghost-seer, who was executed on the edge of the desert for killing the Sheik Ibrahim at the cistern of the three palms.

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY."

Our readers must have observed that the wheel of Fashion, in its slow but sure revolutions, brings back to view the same objects time after time, like a revolving panorama. The hooped skirts that belonged to the last century have broken out anew in this; and those wide pantaloons, now known by the name of "pegtops," are but feeble imitations of the balloon trousers, with plaits at the hips, that were worn by the swells of forty years ago. We see, by late English papers, that a very ugly appendage is about being revived in fashionable London circles. That odious little beast, the Pug Dog, is again sought after by the aristocratic ladies of the land. Thirty or forty years ago, it was a common thing to see protruding from the carriage window of wealth and leisure an ugly, little, black muzzle, surmounted by tawny brows, from which projected a pair of protruding, bead-like eyes. From one side of the muzzle stuck out a little bit of red tongue, with a half contemptuous, half lethargic expression of defiance of everybody and everything, and the jagged teeth belonging to the under jaw lapped over the upper lip in a way that imparted a sinister expression of "snap" to the whole countenance. The body by which this monkey-like head was maintained was generally of a tan or mouse color, bloated with over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table—for Pug was always *there*—and finished off at the end opposite to the head by a little brown scroll, resembling nothing so much as a twist of pig-tail tobacco. That was Pug's tail. His legs were ludicrously thin and bandy, and his feet like those of a rat. This beauty had usually a silver—nay, in some cases a golden collar about his neck, and for his couch he had a silken and tasselled cushion, placed on the most sheltered aspect of the hearth-rug, before the fire. Sometimes Pug had a chair of his own; but then he was liable to be sat on by visitors, and mutual interests demanded that he should repose upon the rug. In course of time people found out Pug. He was ugly, he was ill-tempered, and he had no business to loll his tongue out that way. Pug was discarded. Then the King Charles Spaniel came into favor with ladies, who had once been young, and, latterly, that curious, tow-headed, little fellow, the Skye Terrier, was all the rage in England. But the wheel, it seems, has brought Pug round again; and as "every dog has his day," there is little doubt that Pug will put money in the pocket of many a dealer.

TOUCHING.—A newspaper published in New Castle, England, says that a short time since a carpenter residing in that town received an order to make a child's coffin, one of the conditions being that it would have a *lock and key*. The father wished to preserve some tangible memorial of the last resting place of his child, and his intention was to wear the key of its coffin round his neck!

A LITTLE STORY FOR THE TIMES.

There is many a good moral to be derived from the fabulous episodes that are interwoven with ancient history; and it seems to us that in the following there may be discerned something not altogether inapplicable to passing events.

It is related that Aristomenes, chief of the Messenians, was captured by his enemies, and condemned to be cast into a deep pit. The fatal hour for the execution had arrived, and an immense turmoil of people were assembled to witness it. Just as the captive was hurled by his executioners off the brim of the abyss, an eagle swept down from the sky, and, clutching his robe in its talons, bore up against him in his descent, so that he reached the bottom of the abyss uninjured, on which the noble bird ascended by the way it came, and soared proudly back into its boundless dominions. Although unhurt of limb, Aristomenes was rendered for some time insensible by the rapidity of his descent. On coming to himself, he examined the cavern into which he had fallen. Its sides were perpendicular, and so far down from the upper air lay its rocky floor, that but few and faint were the rays of sunlight that ever reached it. So Aristomenes, faint with hunger, covered up his face with his robe, and laid him down to die. After a long while, he heard a rustling noise in the darkness of the cave, and, on looking up, descried dimly a fox devouring a dead fowl. Joy at the possibility of escape from a horrible death revived the fainting hero. He knew that there must be some outlet to the shaft, and he determined to find it. Waiting quietly, then, until the fox came within arm's length of him, he clutched it by the tail with one hand, while with the other, wrapped in his robe, he parried the attacks of the animal whenever it turned to bite him. Presently the fox made efforts to break away, on which Aristomenes yielded so far as to allow it to move forward, still keeping fast grip of it by the tail. Onward they went, dragging through slimy pools and over cold and clammy rocks, haunt of the lizard and the snake, until a small spot of light appeared in the distance. Then Aristomenes let go his hold of the fox, which clambered up the narrow gulley leading to the hole, through which it quickly disappeared. The passage was narrow, but with great labor our hero worked his way through it, and once more emerged into the light of day. He then concealed himself in some bushes until night fell, when he took his way by paths well known to him across the mountains, rejoined his people, put himself again at the head of his army, and routed his enemies with great slaughter, utter demoralization having seized upon them when they beheld what they supposed to be the spirit of their victim bearing down upon them.

The allegory contained in this little story goes to teach that the force of the eagle and the cunning of the fox are good elements for a successful general. Its application may be extended at the present time, however. There is a great Spirit that watches over our country, emblematized in the form of an eagle by our ancestors, and this great Spirit is not going *to allow us to fall*. There will be trouble yet—Aristomenes pining in the gloomy cave—but the ray of light will dawn at last, though we are not yet prepared to divulge the name of the fox by which we are to be guided to it.

ADVICE AND ADVISERS.

There are some people who pride themselves on what they consider their gift for giving advice, and who, without the faintest glimmer of an approach to the real state of the case, oracularly promulgate their pro and con decrees regarding it. *Not* to follow it is as surely to come to grief, as acquiescence leads to the seventh heaven of peace and felicity; and the wider astray are such from the mark of practicability, the more positive and dogmatical they become. Now to reason with such, is to waste both breath and temper. In short, a deaf ear is the only remedy. Even well-meaning, well-intentioned advice may not be followed without self-conference and self-judgment. It may be well, if one has time enough, to listen to it; but he who allows everybody else to decide for him; he who follows every turn of the road which has a finger-post, will scarcely reach his journey's end; or, if at all, in a very limping condition. Unfortunate indeed are they who must call a council to sit upon every question that turns up for decision; unfortunate are the selected counsel, to be blamed or praised at the uncertain will of the vacillating; and blessed are the judiciously self-reliant, who can look at a subject upon more sides than one, and come to an irreversible decision without borrowing anybody's spectacles, or badgering acquaintances to know "what they think about it." In listening to advice one must always listen with qualified ears, as to the possible *motives* of the adviser. It is not accounted pretty to say so, but often under the garb of disinterestedness lurks the cloven foot of self interest and self-aggrandizement. Sometimes the adviser has really no opinion at all on the subject in question, but drums up an "Aye," or a "No," at the shortest possible notice, to be rid of the bore of thinking about it. Sometimes timidity and conservatism will so hedge a subject about with caution, that an eternity of gingerly treading were necessary to follow out the programme. Now life is too short for all this "pother;" and he who puts his leading strings into the hands of all his dear five hundred friends and submits himself to their spasmodic twitchings and jerkings, will have more ups and downs than he reckoned for, when he thought in this way to shift from his own shoulders the load of personal responsibility. Commend us to your out-spoken, stand-off people, who make plenty of elbow-room for themselves as they move along. Nor could we ever see that they encroached half as much upon the territory of others, as the grown-up infant who, unable to stand alone, keeps tumbling about to the right and left, just where his own infirmity or a chance push throws him.

FANNY FERN.

—One day, recently, a lady, with an infant but a few months old, was riding in a city railroad car. The child seemed to be ill, and cried violently, whereupon a couple of men sitting opposite made sneering observations on "squalling brats," and laughed rudely at the mother's unavailing efforts to soothe her child and hush its cries. This unmannerly conduct so pained the lady that she herself began to weep, whereupon a gentleman called upon the two men to cease their annoyance or leave the car. At this they flared up and threatened to "punch" the gentleman's head; but he being made of the right stuff soon cowed them into silence and decency by the mere power of his eye, backed up by significant belligerent movements on the part of other gentlemen present, and they at last left the car in a highly sneaking and crest-fallen condition. A man who would thus annoy and insult a mother who is so unfortunate as to have her child taken ill in a public conveyance, ought to have the mark of Cain, or something equivalent, fastened upon his brow forever.

—True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can anything feigned be lasting.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 133.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

I am tempted to tell you, Mr. Bonner, the history of some of my books. There is a history to some of them, and a moral too. Even no longer ago than in my boyhood, books were not abundant in New England. I knew of but few libraries in the town in which I was reared, though it was a place of both wealth and refinement. It is true there were private collections of books and slender professional libraries. But I doubt if there was a library of five hundred volumes in the county. The college library, when I entered the august portals of college, was very slender. Yet it seemed to me, then, a wonder and wilderness of books! At the village bookstore, besides the regular class-books, a few English classics were kept. These I aspired to own. I had no money. Over and above term and board bills, I do not believe that I spent twenty dollars a year for small personal gratifications. A simple reason for the abstemiousness was that I had not the money to spend. How then could I buy books? Necessity is the mother of invention. I earned them by walking! We have seen accounts of large bets lost or won by pedestrians. But we walked the foundation of a library into our possession.

It was in this wise. Money being sent for travelling expenses home, we took the road and made the journey on foot, saving at least two-thirds of the stage fare. On another occasion, being sent as college delegate to a temperance convention in a neighboring town, my travelling expenses being paid, I saved the whole by being at no expense. In those early days, about 1830, it was not the custom to pay men for lectures and addresses. The honor of the invitation was accounted a sufficient reward. Only the expenses of the speaker were paid; and not always that. Our first public lecture was given in Brattleboro', Vt. It was a temperance lecture. It was memorable—to me. We recollect, as if but yesterday, the labor of preparing it; the dreamy wonder with which we marvelled at the invitation—whether it was in earnest, or designed as a sportive hoax. When we reached the place, stood up before as many as the church could hold, began to speak, perceived that men were really listening, heard them laugh, saw signs of consent and sympathy, and, finally, finished, with some congratulations, we really felt a change of being! We had made an hour's speech, all by ourselves, and could do it again! So, life was begun. The plow was in the furrow. Generally, expense money was calculated to a fraction upon known data of stage fare, hotel bills, &c. But in this case generosity was practiced. A round sum of ten dollars was given, though the expenses really could not have been above eight; and by walking we reduced them, in fact, to about two; so that we returned with at least eight dollars in our pocket. Thus we bought and paid for some fifty volumes, which were dearer to us than gold.

Alas! those books! Only one or two remain! In those days there was no railroad communications with the great West. We sent to Cincinnati by New Orleans! My little property was boxed, and duly shipped. Months passed, and fear and despair of ever seeing them followed. At length, a cousin of the same name, passing along a street in New Orleans, heard his name repeated by the auctioneer, entering he bid off a lot of letters and papers that were exposed for sale. They were my college compositions, family letters, and miscellaneous papers. The books had been sold for warehouse charges, and — the end of my long labor!

I began again, however, and spent little for personal gratifications, and before the end of my three years' professional study, had replaced and added to the number of my forfeited library. By some strange whim, I had carried a few choicer books to the West in my trunk. These are the souvenirs of my first library, and precious are they.

Mr. Bonner, may not some of the ten thousand young people who read the LEDGER take a hint of this small bit of personal history, and begin to secure for themselves a library? Books now are abundant and cheap. The ambition of making a good collection would inspire frugality, self-denial, industry, and patient enterprise. But, as the little stock increases, the pleasure will repay a thousand fold. Meanwhile, such tastes would ward off more dangerous ones. And moral results would follow in the track of intellectual relishes.

At any rate, I look with special tenderness on those books that started with me, and have come all the way through life with me. They are witnesses and companions, as well as instructors!

The Lock of Gold.

STREPHON.

That little golden lock, my girl,
  Which nestles 'neath thine ear,
If severed from its sister curl
  To me would be *so* dear.

FLORA.

How *could* you Strephon!—think again,
  Ere thus to hope you soar
Such value, gratis, to obtain,
  With gold at fifty-four!

FREAKS OF AN ELEPHANT.

Some years ago, there was an elephant in the Zoological Garden at Antwerp, whose intelligence and docility made it very popular with the visitors. One day, an English gentleman was so pleased with the fascinating manners of the noble animal that he procured a quantity of sweet cakes and other confections, and, placing them in his straw hat, held them out for the entertainment of the elephant, who picked out the delicacies one by one, swallowed them, and then, taking it for granted that straw, no matter in what shape, is fodder, quietly crushed the hat into his enormous mouth, and crunched it up with evident relish. This was looked upon as a capital joke by the bystanders, one of whom, who had a straw hat on, was particularly facetious upon the occasion. Just as he had made a very successful sally, however, at the expense of the hatless man, he felt his own hat gently lifted off his head, and, on looking up, was just in time to catch the last glimpse of it as it disappeared down the elephant's throat. On several occasions subsequent to this the elephant picked off and devoured hats made of the same cheap though wholesome material; and, in one instance, a lady's Spring bonnet was thus recklessly appropriated by him, ribbons, pins and all. At last it became necessary for the authorities to interfere, and notices were posted up on the premises, warning all persons thatched with straw from going within reach of the elephant's trunk.

—A man who temporarily held the office of Collector of Internal Revenue at Hartford, but whose nomination was rejected by the United States Senate, occupies three columns of the *Hartford Press* in detailing his grievances against Senator Dixon, whose ill-will it seems he provoked and to whose influence he attributes his rejection. Three columns, it strikes us, is a pretty liberal quantity of space to occupy with such a matter, when the author of the statement could have summed it all up in one brief sentence: "*I quarreled with Senator Dixon, lost my appointment, and feel bad about it.*"

CRAZY AGNES.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Tell no boil for crazy Agnes,
Wear no sombre words or woes;
Though she has within her cottage,
But a mortal doll of straw.

With her white hands folded softly
On the breast that never more
Shall be tossed with tidal surges
By the heart-waves flung before.

Lay the flowers she loved about her.
Bend the wreath of splendor
On the brow so fair and spotless,
Crown her, as of old, a queen.

Fill her hands with summer flowers,
Such as she was wont to wear;
Lay the dress she daily toddled
By her lover's side, in hair.

Kiss the lover whom midst and over,
Kiss the eyes, whose troubled sights
Looked, and wrestled from the home.

The gentle soul—till reason fled
The light of glory shed on her
And called the prisoner out of darkness,
Bidding shadows flee away.

Joyfully with thoughts contented,
Borrowed fled the time chilly;
Dust remember on the left us
How the pilgrim turned and smiled!

Restless tears, at years forever,
Darkened soul, ill bathed in light;
Throw wood and withered grass
Laid forever out of sight.

Softly step in song or folklore
For the one may sing or read
Dull or dull for ecstasy Agnes,
Leaning on the Saviour's breast.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN RANDOLPH," "OUR LOST DARLING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Her chosen grave each and dim her eyes,
Her cheek is pale, but still she sighs
Her heart is cold, but still she sighs
The darkness of a nameless shade;
Like a lonely flower, that hangs its head
Beneath the rain.

It was yet early in the afternoon when Bernice reached Brudenell Hall.

Before going to her own apartments, she looked into the drawing-room, and seeing Mrs. Brudenell, inquired:

"Any news of Hermione yet, mamma, dear?"

"No, love, not yet. You've had a pleasant drive, Bernice?"

"Very pleasant."

"I thought so; you have more color than when you went. You should take out every morning, my dear."

"Yes, mamma," said the young lady, hurrying away.

Mrs. Brudenell recalled her.

"Come in here, if you please, my love; I want to have a little conversation with you."

Bernice threw her bonnet, cloak and muff upon the hall table and entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. Brudenell was alone; her daughters had not yet come, slowly, she lowered her son's wife to take the seat on the sofa by her side.

"Bernice, I have something to say to you."

"It is of yourself and Hermione that I wish to speak, my child."

"Yes, mamma."

The lady hesitated, and then suddenly said—

"It is now nearly a week since my son disappeared; he left his home abruptly, without explanation, in the dead of night, at the very hour of your arrival! That was very strange."

"It was very strange," echoed the wife.

"What was the meaning of it, Bernice?"

"Indeed, mamma, I do not know."

"What, then, is the cause of his absence?"

"Indeed, indeed, I do not know."

"Bernice! he fled from *your* presence. There is evidently some misunderstanding or disagreement between yourself and your husband. I can not ask him for an explanation. Hitherto I have forborne to ask you. But now that a week has passed without any tidings of my son, I have a right to demand the explanation. Give it to me."

"Mamma, I cannot; for I know no more than yourself," answered Bernice, in a tone of distress.

"You do not *know*; but you must *suspect*. Now what do you suspect to be the cause of his going?"

"I do not even suspect, mamma."

"What do you conjecture, then?" persisted the lady.

"I can not conjecture; I can all but it amazement, mamma; but I feel—I feel—that it must be some fault in myself," faltered Bernice.

"What fault?"

"Ah, there again I can not in perplexity; faults I have enough, Heaven knows, but no particular one is strong enough to estrange my husband I do not know, I cannot guess."

"Has he never accused you?"

"Never, mamma."

"Nor quarrelled with you?"

"Never!"

"Nor complained of you at all?"

"No, mamma! That was the consolation that I had of his displeasure was given me the night of my arrival, when he informed me somewhere at my coming upon him suddenly without having previously written. I gave him no opportunity to be sufficient reasons for my act—the same reasons that I afterwards gave you!"

"They were perfectly satisfactory. And even if they had not been so, it was not a husband's part his behavior. Did he find fault with any part of your conduct previous to your arrival?"

"No, mamma; certainly not. I have told you so before."

"And this is true?"

"As true as Heaven, mamma."

"Then it is easy to fix upon the cause of his bad conduct—and yet with her weeping face buried in her handkerchief.

There was silence for a little while between the ladies. Bernice was the first to break it by asking:

"Mamma, can you imagine where he is?"

"No, my love! And I do not feel so anxious about him as you feel, it is natural that you should better than I can. And I know that it is some unjustifiable caprice that is keeping him from his home. We have reason to his return. In the meanwhile, we must put on a show of society, give the servants no reason to have any cause to gossip of his disappearance. And I must not have my plans upset by his whims. I have already delayed my departure for Washington longer than I like; and my daughters have missed the great ball of the season. I am not willing to remain here any longer at all. And I, also, think that we shall be more likely to meet Herman by going to town than by staying here. Washington is the great centre of attraction at this season of the year. Every one goes there. I have a very pleasant furnished house on Lafayette square. It has been quite ready for our reception for the last fortnight. Some of our servants have already gone up. So, my love, I have fixed our departure for Saturday morning, if you think you can be ready by that time. If not, I can wait a day or two."

"I thank you, mamma; I thank you very much; but pray do not inconvenience yourself on my account. I can not go to town. I must stay here and wait my husband's return—*if he ever returns*," murmured Bernice to herself.

"But suppose he is in Washington?"

"Still, mamma, as he has not invited me to follow him, I prefer to stay here."

"But surely, child, you need no invitation to follow your husband, wherever he may be."

"Indeed I do, mamma. I came to him from Europe, here, and on being so displeased him that he would run away from his home. And I myself would return to my native country, only now that I am no husband's home, I feel that to leave it would be to abandon my post of duty and expose myself to just censure. But I can not follow him further, mamma; I can not! I must not—indeed myself upon his presence. I must not intrude here any pray and hope for his return," sighed the poor, young wife.

"Bernice, this is shocking; you are morbid; not fit, in your present state of mind, to guide yourself. Be guided by me; come with me to Washington; you will really enjoy yourself there; you can not help it; your beauty will make you the reigning belle; your taste will make you the leader of fashion; and your wit will constitute you the lioness of the season; for mark you, Bernice, there is nothing, not even the 'almighty dollar,' that our consistent republicans fall down and worship with a sincerer homage than a title! All your continental attractions will make you whatever you please to be."

"Forgive me, beloved of my husband," murmured Bernice, in slow voice.

A REVELATION.

"That alas! for, believe me, *my dear*, many men adore a true love through other men's eyes. My son in one of the many. Nothing in this world would bring him to your side so quickly as to see you the centre of attraction in the first circles of the capital."

"Ah, Madam, the situation would lack the charm of novelty to him; he has been accustomed to seeing me fill similar cons in London and in Paris," said the countess, with a proud though mournful smile.

Mrs. Brudenell's face flushed as she became conscious of having made a blunder—a thing she abhorred, so she listened to say:

"Oh, of course, my dear, I know, after the European courts, our Republican society must seem an anti-climax! Still, it is the best thing we can command in this country, and I hope you will find enough gaiety in the winter kindness, mamma; but, you know I could not leave my elder, except under the auspices of my son-in-law!"

"You can enter society under the auspices of your husband's sister, the very best chaperone you could possibly have," said the lady, coldly.

"I know that, mamma."

"Then you will return with us?"

"Excuse me, madam; indeed I can not thank you for your thoughtful kindness. I cannot go; for even if I had the spirits to sustain the role of the belle of the season, I will not, during this winter, I feel that in doing so I should still further displease and offend my husband. So, I must remain here in retirement, doing what good I can, and hoping and praying for his return," sighed Bernice.

Mrs. Brudenell hastily rose from her seat. She was not accustomed to opposition; she was too proud to plead further; and she was very much displeased with Bernice for disappointing her cherished plans of fashionable display, and the Countess of Hurstmonceaux, to the climax of Washington.

The dreadful dinner bell has rung some time ago, my dear. I will not detain you longer. Myself and daughters have not time to waste in dilly."

Bernice bowed gently, and went up stairs to change her dress for dinner.

On Saturday morning, the programme, Mrs. Brudenell and her daughters went to town, travelling in their spacious family coach, and Bernice was left alone. Yes, she was left alone to a mistress of taste, elegance, and wealth, to be understood by beloved and happy wives and mothers. The stately, well-appointed, but empty house, the grotesque black servants, were enough in themselves to deepen the sadness and sudden the heart of the young English lady. Added to these was the fact that her husband's affections had received by the contemptuous desertion of her husband, and the uncertainty of his fate, and kept anxiety for his safety; and the slow, wasting sorrow of unrequited love and hopes which is worse than despair.

On Saturday evening, before her mistress had, she would say to herself:

"Herman will return to-day! I shall get a letter from him to-day."

Every night, on shaking upon her sleepless pillow, she would sigh:

"Another fruitless day has gone and no news of Herman!"

Then, in feverish expectation, the days crept into weeks. And with the extension of time hope grew more extravagant, despair more deep.

On Monday morning she would murmur:

"This week I shall surely hear from Herman! If I do not see him—"

And every Saturday night she would groan:

"Another unbearable week and no tidings of my husband!"

And thus the weeks slowly crept into months.

Mrs. Brudenell wrote occasionally to say that Herman was not in Washington, and to ask if he was at Brudenell. That was all. The answer was always, "No, not."

Bernice could not go out among the poor, as she had designed; for in that wilderness of hill and valley, wood and water, the roads even in the best weather were almost impassable, and in winter they were nearly impassable except by the hardiest pedestrians. Snow, sleet, hail, rain and the strongest wagons. Very early in January there came a deep thaw, followed by a sharp frost, and then by a warm rain and a thaw, that converted the hills into seams and the guttered precipices; the valleys into pools and quagmires; and the roads into ruts and ravines—quite impracticable for ordinary passengers.

Bernice could not get out to do her deeds of charity among the suffering poor; nor recall the tainted gaiety of the neighborhood make calls upon the young strangers. And thus the unloved wife had nothing to divert her thoughts from her own absorbing subject of grief, her husband's unexplained abandonment. The fire that was consuming her was the fire of restless, unsatisfied longing!—burned fiercely in her excruciating eyes and hollow cheeks, giving unfeeling whiteness to the beauty of that face which had been only blooming away.

As spring advanced the ground improved. The hills dried first. And every day the poor young stranger would wander up the narrow footpath that led to the summit of the hill behind the back of the house, and down to a stile at a point on the turnpike that commanded a wider sweep of the road. And there, leaning on the European courts, she would watch wistfully for the form of him who never came back.

Spring was here with its green, smiling, Whitsuntide strewed with flowers, and still Bernice watched and waited in vain. Then summer came, and still she watched and waited, taking her daughters with her! There was nothing to distract her attention among the cities and deserts of the wealthy planters, and these visited to know if no strange young woman was really the wife of Herman Brudenell, why she was called Lady Hurstmonceaux! and they thought that looked very black indeed; until they were satisfied on that point, and then they were informed friends, who instructed them that a woman was a person to be seen and not heard of; persons, and retains her own title even though she has married a nobleman.

Upon the whole the planters' wives decided to call upon the countess, at least, in gallantry their cavalry. Afterwards they could call upon her in their carriages, if she chose.

Thus, as soon as the roads became passable, Bernice was visited by in which a large, lumbering family coach, with a pair of horses driven by a red-faced old negro groom on horseback, did stop at the door.

To one and all of these callers the same answer was given:

"The Countess of Brudenell is engaged, and cannot receive visitors."

The tables were turned. The country ladies, who had been dashing off their cards expressly to "take up" or "drop" this very questionable lady, received their empty cards in return. Bernice herself at the threshold of her own door. Her servants were not equals and could not be contradicted in their own realm. Their indignation was by no means small. When one visited, they went en pretes en quel terme, "Madame la Comtesse est malade," and the ferry, like, she could the planter's wife appreciated the dignity of a countess, and, in accordance, went with behind a mischievous, who hope gave more attention to the matter, and finished a quarrel. Thus you see how it was that the servants of Brudenell Hall, by their conduct, were doing every condescending thing to calling upon the planters' wives visiting.

As the close of the Washington season, Mrs. Brudenell and daughters returned to the Hall, the first her friends in the city, and travelling in Europe; but she told her daughters that she had no hope that her son would return, but that she only had not heard a word from him, and that she was resolved to spend the summer at Brudenell.

Mrs. Brudenell and her daughters received and paid visits, gave and attended parties, and made many more calls than is customary for any to the pleasant Summer time.

Bernice had not either join any of these amusements. She never accepted an invitation to go out. And even when company were entertained at the house, she kept her own suit or rooms, and had her meals brought to her there. Mrs. Brudenell was occasionally displeased at a course of conduct in her daughter-in-law that would scarcely give the to a great deal of comment. She remonstrated with Lady Hurstmonceaux; but to no good purpose; for Bernice always firm courtesy, replying to all the arguments that could be urged upon her:

"I cannot—I cannot see visitors, mamma; it is quite—quite impossible."

And then Mrs. Brudenell made a resolution, which she also kept—never to come to Brudenell Hall for another summer, until Herman should return to his home and Bernice to her senses. And having so decided, she pledged her son and went away with her daughters to spend the winter and the summer at some place of resort.

Bernice was even more left to solitude.

Now, Lady Hurstmonceaux was not naturally cold or proud or unsocial; but unwarily an Indian corn tare, and beets break, and women die of grief, also weep, heart-broken and dying.

She turned sick at the sight of every human face. Sometimes she met Alec the hired man digging the ore was near. The porter of the village, with the benevolent perseverance of a true Christian, continued to call at the Hall, and Bernice always commanded food and comfort for that the place. But Lady Hurstmonceaux never saw the porter's face.

She never went to church. Her cherished hope—prayer—was for hopeless hope, however a monomania; her life narrowed down to one single thought, one single object—to sit at the turnstile on the turnpike, where she leaned upon the wicket gate and watched the road.

Even to this day, the pale, dumpling, but most beautiful form of that young widow is remembered in that neighborhood.

Her husband had recently, as was believed in that vicinity, and to me, in speaking of this matter, I must say—this strange fact—I was one of those who—this strange fact—I was one of those who—

"Yes, every day she walked slowly up that narrow path to the turnpike, and leaned her arms on the cross and gazing up the road, to watch for the coming of her husband, in all weathers and seasons; for months and years."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Ah Heart! you must!" Who dares to decide all will
Who dares to doubt all will
Who dares to doubt all will
Who dares to doubt

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

in this but, and set off to walk to Baymouth, to try to get some wool and bones on credit from the country shop where she had dealt all her life.

Baymouth was a small port, in the mouth of a small bay making up from the Chesapeake. It had one church, in charge of the Episcopal minister who had baptized Nanda's child. And it had one large, country store, kept by a general dealer, named Tutt; who had for sale everything to eat, drink, wear or wield, from sugar and tea to wool and hoe-handles. Wool, indeed, could have received all his innocent avocations of affection and not found him a little in return. Not honest Hannah Worth. It was thus, you see, by his own account, that he was born with a golden spoon's beet. This was our boy's first success. And the truth was, he had to tell it now, or else that in the whole course of his mental life he gained nothing to speak of which he did not owe to his own merits. But I must hurry over this part of my story.

When Ishmael was about four years old, he began to take pleasure in the quaint pictures of the old family Bible, that I have already mentioned as the only book and sole literary possession of Hannah Worth. A rare old copy it was, bearing the date of 1688, and still containing the strangest of all old-fashioned woodcuts. This led to the keenly appreciating mind of the child three separate times every week, and also on Sunday afternoons, when Hannah had leisure to read to him. Ishmael never wearied of standing by her side, and gazing at the lions in the "Story of Daniel," at the "Ark and all his Brethren," "Moses in the Bulrushes," "Samuel called by the Lord," "Jesus in Egypt and the Infant Jesus," "Christ and the Doctors in the Temple," and so forth.

"Send me about it," he would say of each picture.

And Hannah would have to read these beautiful Bible stories. One day, when he was seven years old, he astonished his aunt by saying:

"And now I guess I'll send about you myself!"

But Hannah found no leisure to teach him. And besides she thought it would be time enough some years hence, when he was old enough to read. So thought not our boy, however, as the reader will see.

One night Hannah had taken home a dress to one of the ladies of the village, and was gone for her only customers, and it was late when she returned to her cot. When she entered, she met a dense strange sight not her eyes. The Professor, the arm chair in the chimney corner. On his knees lay the book, and here a name for it was stood little Ishmael, holding an end of candle in his hand, and diligently reading the large letters on the title page. The little fellow was so much absorbed in the study of strange, enchanting, [illegible] that he did not hear his aunt's entrance.

"Oh, aunty, I know all the letters on this page now! And the Professor is going to teach me how to read them! He's going to show me and other big boys and fools every day to pay him for his trouble."

The professor looked up and smiled, speaking rapidly.

"I just happened in, Miss Hannah, to see if there was anything wanting to be done, and found this boy lurking on the floor with the bible open before him, and a candle burning in his hand for himself. And as soon as he saw me he up and struck a bargain with me to teach him in the end. And I'll tell you what, Miss Hannah, he's going to make a man of himself, and that I don't know I've been a colored schoolmaster, among my other professions, and I've had a power of boys, of white and black, and I've had a power of fools, of white and black, and I've had a power of men are willful sometimes."

"I'll be a man before, but of rational age. The substance of your mind is hard enough to make a philosopher of, without the fire."

"Folks, did you never hear, that wit was one, and wisdom another?"

"Oh, why will you be so serious, aunty! It's so much easier to be a fine world. Every day I understand each other perfectly. The fact is, this way our boy takes to learning is a caution to me. Two or three times in the course of the week he comes and reads to me, and I help him with his lesson. And Ishmael paid for his tuition by doing the best of his odd jobs as well as the finest of the useful art.

"Ishmael, you're paid for the boy like a fisher, Miss Hannah," said the professor, after giving his lesson one evening, "and I'm paid for it myself as in a manner self-educated myself. I had to pay for my education, and I'm paying for it now, and way I could from the white children. So I can feel for this boy as I can feel for myself. It's the honor of that united art.

"Aunty," he said one day, after scanning it deep thought, "I've been thinking, that I ought to try to study very hard indeed, night and day, for years and years, I should ever be able to get to be a minister. Would that make me look almost as the professor?"

"How do you know, Ishmael? You ask such stupid questions. All I can say is, if it shut in the end, it will be after one of the most wonderful unprovoking acts.

"Oh, if that's it, it is in me; there's a deal more in me than I can talk about; and so I suppose I shall be a man of learning and wisdom like the professor some day."

Morris certainly took great pains with his pupil; and Ishmael repaid the zest of his teacher by extraordinary progress in his studies.

By the time our boy had attained his seventh year, he could read with ease, write a fair hand, and work the first four rules in arithmetic. Besides this, he had gained a great deal of information as to the old job line of business, and was very useful to the professor. The latter was glad that he helped his master was something like this—for in the old job line of business, as in the old tinkering line, Ishmael could beat the trees and prepare the animals for sale, as well as packing and inlaying brooms, he could melt the grease; if in the tanning line, he could melt the grease; if in the painting and gilding, he could rub the golds.

When he was eight years old, he commenced the study of a pictured geography and history, from old books lent him by his patron; and he made such rapid progress in it as well as others to assist his master by doing the duties of clerk in the store, that the professor began to say he knew assumed the office of parson and confidential friend of the village, and by playing the tambourine to accompaniment to the professor's violin whenever the latter became master of ceremonies at a dance or party.

In this manner he not only paid for his own tuition, but earned a very small stipend, which he was able to carry to Hannah, promising it to her whenever she would be willing to do so.

Thus our boy was made progressing in the art of odd jobs and trifles, like to exhibit the flame and usefulness of to eminent a genius blessed, when an event occurred in the neighborhood that was destined to change the direction of his genius.

To be continued in our next.

THE MERES' TRIFLE.

BY T. S. STEVE.

A brief passage of arms—half in sport, half in earnest—took place between the two gentlemen in his office, forgetful of no parting kiss. The heightened color of Mr. Orton's face gradually toned down, until the last warmth was lost.

"I'm sorry to see this, Ned Austen, saying frankly. She was a visit to her niece, Mrs. Orton, and was now arrived.

"To see what, aunty? A flash of surprise lit up the countenance of Mrs. Orton, that has been faintly shadowed a moment before.

"Little disagreements between you and your husband—petty disputes—fault-findings—awful things, indeed, Mrs. Orton!"

"Why, aunty?" Theodor came back to Mrs. Orton's side.

"Yesterday morning I noticed that Henry was not looking well, and that his usual cheerfulness was omitted this morning. Why?" Mrs. Orton did not answer.

"Words are things, my dear," resumed Aunt Jane, "and if there's any business in them, they're sure to do it. Don't try to hurt, unless in defence of the object—is not even in sport. Don't [illegible] to each other, and [illegible] out of nothing." And Mrs. Orton, almost indignantly, left the room, and left the two to each other, but don't care anything. It's our own affair."

"I'm sorry that you have fallen into so bad a way, Theodor," she said, "to send about what may lead to the most unhappy consequences. I'm sorry to see that you have left home because of this way; and I think if you look back you will be sorry for it, too. And I'm sure sometimes things there, whilst, but for a few days, you will be sorry for it, too. And one or two rather sharp sensations, at which I have every chance to repent you will enjoy you."

"All fancy, Aunt Jane."

"Then you will find that self-will made you blind, either his accession or his manner touched our of Old Jane occupied the only chair in the arm chair in the chimney corner. On his knees lay the book, and here a name for it was stood little Ishmael, holding an end of candle in his hand, and diligently reading the large letters on the title page. The little fellow was so much absorbed in the study of strange, enchanting, [illegible] that he did not hear his aunt's entrance.

"Oh, aunty, I know all the letters on this page now! And the Professor is going to teach me how to read them! He's going to show me and other big boys and fools every day to pay him for his trouble."

The professor looked up and smiled, speaking rapidly.

"I just happened in, Miss Hannah, to see if there was anything wanting to be done, and found this boy lurking on the floor with the bible open before him, and a candle burning in his hand for himself. And as soon as he saw me he up and struck a bargain with me to teach him in the end. And I'll tell you what, Miss Hannah, he's going to make a man of himself, and that I don't know I've been a colored schoolmaster, among my other professions, and I've had a power of boys, of white and black, and I've had a power of fools, of white and black, and I've had a power of men are willful sometimes."

"I'll be a man before, but of rational age. The substance of your mind is hard enough to make a philosopher of, without the fire."

"Folks, did you never hear, that wit was one, and wisdom another?"

"Oh, why will you be so serious, aunty! It's so much easier to be a fine world. Every day I understand each other perfectly. The fact is, this way our boy takes to learning is a caution to me. Two or three times in the course of the week he comes and reads to me, and I help him with his lesson. And Ishmael paid for his tuition by doing the best of his odd jobs as well as the finest of the useful art.

"Ishmael, you're paid for the boy like a fisher, Miss Hannah," said the professor, after giving his lesson one evening, "and I'm paid for it myself as in a manner self-educated myself. I had to pay for my education, and I'm paying for it now, and way I could from the white children. So I can feel for this boy as I can feel for myself. It's the honor of that united art.

"Aunty," he said one day, after scanning it deep thought, "I've been thinking, that I ought to try to study very hard indeed, night and day, for years and years, I should ever be able to get to be a minister. Would that make me look almost as the professor?"

"How do I know, Ishmael? You ask such stupid questions. All I can say is, if it shut in the end, it will be after one of the most wonderful unprovoking acts.

"Oh, if that's it, it is in me; there's a deal more in me than I can talk about; and so I suppose I shall be a man of learning and wisdom like the professor some day."

Morris certainly took great pains with his pupil; and Ishmael repaid the zest of his teacher by extraordinary progress in his studies.

By the time our boy had attained his seventh year, he could read with ease, write a fair hand, and work the first four rules in arithmetic. Besides this, he had gained a great deal of information as to the old job line of business, and was very useful to the professor. The latter was glad that he helped his master was something like this—for in the old job line of business, as in the old tinkering line, Ishmael could beat the trees and prepare the animals for sale, as well as packing and inlaying brooms, he could melt the grease; if in the tanning line, he could melt the grease; if in the painting and gilding, he could rub the golds.

When he was eight years old, he commenced the study of a pictured geography and history, from old books lent him by his patron; and he made such rapid progress in it as well as others to assist his master by doing the duties of clerk in the store, that the professor began to say he knew assumed the office of parson and confidential friend of the village, and by playing the tambourine to accompaniment to the professor's violin whenever the latter became master of ceremonies at a dance or party.

In this manner he not only paid for his own tuition, but earned a very small stipend, which he was able to carry to Hannah, promising it to her whenever she would be willing to do so.

"One morning we sat down together at the breakfast table. We had been to church on the previous night. My nerves were a little unstrung—for all the world I have owned a bad supper, but I did not feel particularly out of humor. The party was referred to, and my husband, speaking of a lady who was present, said that she was the best dressed woman there.

"Not very complimentary to your taste," I answered. I suppose that my looks and tone were both commonplace; for I was not guarded to word my thoughts. I now felt eye flash and the color deepen on his face. A keen retort flattered on his lips, but did not fly of against me. This was unusual; for he was generally quick to kill the language of what I threw it down. I felt that under this repression there was strongly excited feeling. Instead of being worsted, I was piqued at his silence. It stood as a sort of defiance. I was the worst dressed woman in the company,' said I, sharply. 'She was a lady in her behaviour to her husband,' was the answer I received, in a tone that left me in no doubt concerning the opinions of his wife.

"Dear Heine! if, in that moment, I had lost the gift of speech, it had been well; for I did not know the art of using it aright. I became very angry. 'Her husband is a gentleman,' I said. But I caught the word ere it dropped into full expression. My bright answer to his speech was uttered. There are some things that I will not hear from man or woman,' came slowly from his lips, and I felt that his face had grown pale.

"Guard your own lips, if you expect others to be guarded around you,' was my cold retort. There was silence for a little while. My husband knit his brows and bit his nail, and sat in a strange brooding way for almost a minute. 'Some people have strength to give, but they can't take,' said I, breaking his silence. He looked up at me with a chill; but I did not restrain myself. 'I'm not going to be the victim of tyranny. This continues I throw at him, almost roughly. 'And so you have determined,' he said, 'that what I say doesn't suit me, and never has suited me. I have not, then, been to you what I had a right to expect as spouse, but is to controversial. It's time that this should end. Let me see you here at the bottom of it all, but it's another kind of bottom than it's happened for.' I'm sorry,' said I, hurt and offended by language that sent a chill through my heart. 'I'm sorry, too,' that you've been so disappointed. I, too, expected to find something very different from what I have obtained.' There was bardness in my tone, and coldness in my look.

"I'm look he then gave me, I shall never forget. I was not an angry look; but full of rebuke, of regret out of pain. He turned and left the room. Neither up to his bed nor sitting in the shadow of an approaching trouble. At first I was amazed. He had left me angry with him. I sat waiting for him, still in the better state my mind. Then I began to feel hurt at his coldness, and wondered why he did not return to me. Then I began to think of what I suffered. Then I was not lonely lost. Others blamed him, but I did not. I felt that he was not to blame for the clearness of vision, I saw the hereditary and acquired faults of his character, which were, as a second nature, and in regard to which I had been culpably blind. Nothing, I felt, could have pricked him in the tenderest places. The wounds he had given me were deep, and I might have built upon them a temple of lasting bitterness, and I should have had the keenest storms of life. But I failed to build, and so have no temple in the storms for these many years.

"For two years I lived in suspense. No word came to me. At the end of that time, however, I received a letter. One day a letter arrived from a city far to the West. The letter was in a woman's hand. The writer was a stranger. She said that a man who lay sick in her father's house, in the room over with a party across the plains from the Pacific coast. His thoughts have very ill, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

had, there to me shame in him, now pity, else he would never lie' and the heart be—"

"You are wrong," interrupted the young man, hotly; "I tell you you are wrong."

"Well, I don't think it."

"John Bentley, whatever else he may have to answer for, had nothing to do with the brutal act which deprived me of sight."

"How can thou tell?"

"Because I know him."

"He be bad enough for anything," replied the musician, doggedly.

"But not for that," exclaimed Willis, greatly excited—"not for that."

His wife touched the arm of the old man—a signal that he should drop the subject; she feared the effect upon her husband.

"Well, well," he muttered, "may be I judge him badly."

John Bentley could endure no more. To bear the man he had so foully wronged defiled him was more bitter than any reproach. As he and the wife of Willis were strangers to each other, he mustered up resolution, and hastily passed them.

"Who be that?" exclaimed Blind John.

"A gentleman who has just passed us," answered Mrs. Ramsay.

"Tall, and dark hair?"

"Yes."

"I thought I know'd his step," said the musician.

"Whose step?" demanded the astonished wife.

"John Bentley's."

"Heaven forgive his sin!" sighed Willis, greatly agitated. "Lead me into the north."

Forgive him!" muttered John, who felt the satisfaction of his friend more bitterly than his own. "Forgive the man! I long into! I only wish I was judge, that be all—I'd—I'd—I wish I'd—no, I'll do it."

As Sergeant Riggs predicted, and his client expected, the bill in Chancery proved a failure. Still, the expense for which it had been raised was unsecured, and John Bentley forced to exhibit himself in less than character. Value did he scruple and struggle to avoid the exposure. The position—his getting forth—was forced upon him, even lips, and he stood before the world a self-convicted, unfeeling, unprincipled scoundrel.

"This time," said the learned counsellor, addressing Sergeant Harman, "I'll not run a risk, indeed. The defendant must have suffered a martyrdom; he has been forced to double the cap of infamy frop by drop."

"But not think his head.

"I tell you," continued the speaker, "that it is a matter of canny to pursue him further. The degre of shame close see left."

"But I want to think he was the reply.

"A poor consolation to a man like John Bentley," said Sergeant Harman. "Of all miserable infidels, he might have achieved a high position, and most evidently would have done so, had not your perseverance in unmasking him rendered them useless."

"He is rich," repeated Michael.

"Of course," replied the learned counsellor, ironically. Mr. Hanna," observed the man of law, casting his eye curiously

"Why so?"

"Has still a good hater."

"I am very patient," said the old man, calmly; "and patience is strength. I can wait."

Michael Hanna did wait. We shall see, perhaps, what effect.

To a proud, ambitious man, to a man who had done no conscious dishonesty in his mistake—he had much better have called it a crime—the endless accusation of abandoned and unprincipled character (one, and John Bentley felt it keenly. Master of a princely fortune, he could scarcely believe that the situation in which he found himself was real; he required time to familiarize himself with the hard, stern fact, that every expression of his honor created a sneer, was flouted in him; and, in the anguish of his mind, he wanted the futility that he himself was human.

"Futility!" he murmured. "futility!"

In vain was there in such a term. It was fatality. It is owing to ourselves that we are thus or thus. Then are many paths before us; but we are the free arbiters of our own choice.

The first of punishments may was succeeded by that cold calm which disconcerts reason from feeling, and renders the mind a mere calculating machine. Men who yield to it are rarely capable either of lasting regret for past errors or any strong resolution of avoiding new ones. It makes them little sensible—or perhaps, and that is all. To return to Manchester would be second bread of shame fresh upon his brow was quite out of the question. He pride revolted at the thought of his friends and the wife who had enriched him, and alike become hateful to him. After a second days' reflection, he sold for the fourteen of the mill—a splendid hundred sum—and entered into an arrangement for him to conduct the business.

But for his son, he would have acted with it.

"To sends my dream of wedded happiness," said Mrs. Bentley, handing the letter, in which her husband announced his resolution, to her aunt. "His sorrow loved me."

This time her aunt did not contradict her.

"I am intend to put up with such treatment?" she demanded.

"What I do?"

"Do!" repeated the spinster; "follow him to London. Your place is with your husband."

But his wishes me to remain here: and I am persuaded—"

"I have no patience, Mary," exclaimed her relative. "You weak spirit. It can't be—at least, I am sure I ought not to be—like you are so entirely at the mercy of this man. If your never father could have foreseen—"

"Do not speak of my dear father," interrupted her widow, forcing into a passionate flood of tears. "It was the suddenness of his death that has overpowered me."

"He never loved me," she added, wildly; "never—never!"

In the bitterness of her anguish, the unhappy wife closed her young child, Frederick, to her breast. Like herself, he, too, appeared disinherited by his father's love. No wonder that he was so dear to her.

Miss Bentley consulted privately one of the most eminent solicitors in Manchester, a gentleman who for many years had been entrusted with the legal affairs of her late brother-in-law.

"I confess, Mr. Bentley," said the lawyer, "that I frequently regret Mr. Harman to a man like you. He promised repeatedly, but always put it off."

"Can nothing be done?" demanded the lady.

"Nothing," replied the lawyer. "John Bentley is the absolute master of his wife's fortune. Such is the law."

"It is the wicked law," exclaimed his visitor, angrily.

"So his advocates of the rights of women urge, and have been urging for the last twenty years in vain."

"I know nothing of the rights of women," observed Miss Bentley. "In fact, I rather dislike the phrase; it sounds indefensible to my ears. But I understand the rights of Nature; and it certainly does appear monstrous that the daughter of the wealthiest man in Manchester should be utterly dependent on the caprice of the husband she preferred."

"Caprice!" repeated the solicitor. "No, no; he must support her."

"It has not come to that."

"According to his means."

"But he may love apart from her?"

"Yes."

"And squander her money as he pleases?"

"Without doubt."

"Then let me tell you," said the visitor, confessing his sovereign in the face, "that your laws are very wicked laws. It is quite clear that our sex love nothing to do in fixing them. I wish they had."

"They might be better," observed the gentleman, with a smile.

His visitor, by pastoral house, her affectionate heart swelling with indignation and disquiet most at the result of her visit. Fortunately, she had not assured her intention to her niece.

In the eyes of the law, Mrs. Bentley had nothing to complain of. Her husband had not forfeited a guardian to her child. Nor had she the care of her children. The income was maintained on the same footing as when her father lived. She had both carriage and servants at her disposal. The household bills were presented regularly on the first of every month at the morning-room, and discharged unquestioned. It was the heart that suffered. It was the pride and self-respect as a woman, in her affection as a wife, that she was wounded.

But for her children, she must have sunk beneath the blow. Maternal love retained her in her trials; and as she pressed them to her aching heart, she felt that she had still something to live for.

Two years elapsed before John Bentley returned to Manchester. With all his self-possession, he experienced something very like embarrassment on meeting his wife's eye. It was horribly wronged. He expected to encounter tears and reproaches, and he was prepared for neither. His wife appeared calm.—Seemingly calm. Pride sustained her in public.

Say what we will, pride is an excellent quality in a woman, and the world owes much to its nurture. It is a shield against the weakness of her heart; a citadel from which she can sometimes issue retreat, and blend to death in silence.

Mrs. Bentley was a proud and generous matter.

John Bentley remained but a few days in the house he had rendered desolate. He was received as a reproach to him; his heart was elsewhere, and his self-respect could not be restored.

His wife bore his parting with the same outward show of composure with which she had received him. She asked no questions, made no remonstrance, and was even cold to him in the attitude of her own chamber. Years elapsed before she saw him again. Before that time he had succeeded his father, Blind John.

Both Miss Bentley and her niece felt grateful that it was not the younger, Frederick, whose affectionate disposition and gentle manners made so sedulous him to them that it would have been impossible for them to be the confidants in their perfidies, that his grand heart and nether sometimes repelled their preference for him as a sin. Gilbert, in character, was the very opposite of Frederick. He had the same dark eyes and curling hair, the same tall, fine form and complexion, but his coolness, his cowardice, was the reverse of Mrs. Bentley's. Her son possessed a sensitive quickness of disposition, tempered with the vivacity of youth.

"I am so glad," exclaimed the little fellow, as he kissed his mother and bade her adieu, "that I am going to London."

"Hush! hush! you ought to love your mother!"

"And so I do."

"Not enough."

"As much as he will for me," added the little fellow, with a look of reproach, "and more than he will willing to play with me. I don't think Gilbert has any heart, he is so cold and cross to me."

Miss Westbury and her niece exchanged glances.

"You must not think so," said the old maid. "Gilbert is very fond of you."

"Can I be wished without wishing to be wicked?" demanded the child, looking up in her face with innocent simplicity.

"I hope not," she replied.

"Then I don't think I am very wicked," continued the boy. "For I am sure I wish to have that page. loves me. I try to believe it, but I can't. He hates Frederick, and his self speaks hands with me. Perhaps I had done something wrong, and that was the reason."

"Perhaps," repeated his mother, with a sigh. Years rolled on, and still the child retained its congruent continued. Every second year Gilbert paid a visit of a few days to his father and his mother, whose hearts he wrung by his cold, unfeeling conduct. He was the child of pride, and the contempt with which he spoke of trade.

"You forget your father was in trade," said Mr. Observed Miss Westbury.

"True, and he is ashamed of it," answered the proud boy.

"That your brother is in the sea?"

"Quite good enough for Fred. He has no ambition, no spirit, no—no—no—in fact, he is a very I shall never be ashamed of his brother."

"Why so?" exclaimed Miss Bentley, greatly astonished at the observation.

"Well, he is not very agreeable to any one, because," replied the child, with a blush, "he, of course, you could not expect me to associate with him."

"Unless you disliked it," said Frederick, spirited, "certainly not. Either sister, or I, or both, he added, proudly.

The tears of Mrs. Bentley put an end to the conversation. One son, at least, perceived and grieved for this part of her misery.

His father's character; his father's character, repeated the child, in a musing tone, as he was alone in her dressing-room with her niece. "I can feel for your misfortune, Mary."

"You would not, if you knew all," was the reply.

Her relative looked surprised.

"His want of affection justifies me to appeal in performing his brother," said Mrs. Bentley. "For years I suppressed my feelings, I forced myself against it as if it were sinful; but it has proved too strong for me. Within the last few times I regarded the trials I have endured as the well-merited punishment of my unkindness and futility for my youngest son. If I err, send, you know my weakness."

"That is a very different thing."

"Is it?" said the wife.

"I am not his mother," observed the old maid, grimly.

"I sometimes feel as if I were not," said Mrs. Bentley, musingly, "I am so different to Fred-born. Our first impulses are generally right," she added, as I ought not to have felt when my dear father, Dr. Bellew, and yourself pretended you were going to disinherit him. Something whispered me it was wrong; but I could not make others think so."

A few days after the above conversation the two brothers, who were now fast approaching manhood, were walking towards the Exchange, when the attention of the elder was attracted by a fine, tall old man, dressed in black, who stood on one of the windows regarding them.

"Who is that old fool?" demanded Gilbert.

"Hush!" said Frederick. "For shame!"

"Do you know him?"

"No; that is, only by name. This way! the window he copies. He can hear every word you speak."

"Let him, for aught I care," was the reply.

"It is Michael Hanna, our mother's uncle," continued Frederick, as soon as he thought they were out of hearing.

"In trade, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Another horrible connection!" exclaimed the young Rhenish, affectedly. "It will require a century at least to get the stain out of the blood."

"If you consider it can," said the youngest.

"If?" repeated Gilbert. "Of course I do. Is he rich?"

Worth millions, they say. But I do not envy him his wealth."

"I do," replied his brother. "Isn't it terrible to think that for years—twenty, perhaps—I must depend upon my father for means, whilst that withered aristocrat, that caricature of humanity, possesses all the means of enjoyment?"

"You forget that he has married them."

"One comfort," added Gilbert—"he can't live long."

"Shame!" exclaimed Frederick. "Shame! if such words come from your heart."

"Where else do you suppose they come from?" demanded his unfeeling brother. "But I can understand your feelings. You are carrying your love with him."

"No, I am not."

"Oh! I don't blame you."

"Why, I have never spoken with him in my life."

"Indeed."

The sneering tone in which the eldest of the speakers uttered the word "indeed" deeply wounded his disbelief of the assertion.

"I am not ashamed to say which," although I have frequently felt inclined; but the fear of being misunderstood has hitherto prevented me."

"Misunderstood?"

"Yes. Our father and he are enemies."

"A strange cause for friendship."

"Flesh!" said his brother. "We are not his flesh and blood. I like strong hatred. I like strong wickedness! He for an hour together in the Changeable and we were you are his own, my pet, I pity him. Neither Miss Westbury nor I would have endured such ungodliness as to the cause of his estrangement from our family."

"I shall, I repeat it!" repeated Michael Hanna, repeating the verse that succeeded.

Just as you like," replied Gilbert. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me. But the story is not too long, and there is sapiding queer in it to interest. And possessed of a little wit."

"I should not," said his brother, speaking in a deep tone.

The old man smiled bitterly

"I am not ashamed," he added.

"Because, in all probability, you cannot justly appreciate the motives which led to the step. Of course, you, Gilbert, are a gentleman, noble spirit or wrongly. It is not for a man to judge his father's conduct, and I am astonished at your having entertained any scruples."

"Of course," observed the eldest. "I have been a father, and—but, no, no, he respected me very much. He would not have done such things to himself. I will not be tempted. Young man, you have taken an unwise course. An own child would have done had any one blamed it in which I have been engaged."

"Make your best bow, Fred," whispered Gilbert—"demolish the child, looking up in her face with innocent simplicity.

"I hope not," was the reply.

"Silence could not have come to a sounder conclusion," observed the eldest.

"You have his pride, his hardiness, his want of heart," continued the old man. "It requires no second sight to foretell that your fall will be great."

"Fall!"

"Strange greeter."

"I shall at least have fortune to fall back upon," said the youngest.

"There is something else."

"What?"

"Honor."

"Which, not alone can deprive me of that."

"Honor and disgrace my both be sinlaced," said Michael Hanna, with a bitter cry, young gentlemen. Something tells me that I shall see you both in misfortune."

"What a singular old fellow!" said the elder brother, as the two young men at last had well walked away. "I must confess my father reproached him when I entered London."

"It will not be so with me."

"And why?"

"Because," answered Frederick, "I for the conduct of our father has not been entirely unfeeling. Since my boyhood, my affection is frequently impressed upon me. I often hear of his generosity to my brother, which I cannot help regret. Few persons ever name my father to me unkindly."

"The vulgar jealousy of vulgar minds."

"Of what kind?"

"Of rivalry in trade."

"Of course you are in trade."

"But he is dead," observed Gilbert. "Once dead, I'll be my own master, they say."

Michael Hanna remained for some time regarding the speaker. The bluntness of Frederick in his daughter Alice had awakened pleasing, and the sullenness of his son, Michael Hanna, was with which he spoke—his refusal to follow in any statement regret for his father.

A true-hearted lad!" he murmured in himself. "I wish I had seen him before I left home, and learn John Bentley's name. But for that—"

The rest of his reflections were cut short by a loud, imperious voice. It was that of Gilbert, one readers' old acquaintance, the Jew of Downstreet, and Michael Hanna in the twinkling of a moment—his world, in fact, severed him of her—was engaged in a bargain with the Israelite.

"Yes, you—you," muttered Michael; "it is an advantage."

"The time," observed Nicks, "permit me to say, you are a little unreasonable. I can buy the very same quality of goods, and a much better article, at a lower figure."

"Why don't you buy them, then?"

"Because I prefer dealing with you," was the reply.

His hearer uttered a low chuckle; his inward subtle genius where any one attempted to overreach him.

"Should I tell you why you prefer my course, unfathomed shrewdness to the fine sense of Barney Mills?" he said.

Nicks regarded him doubtfully.

"Because you are the only one that will answer your purpose," continued the old man. "You want them for the Russian market, where your correspondent intends to pass them off for his own manufacture. I might have taken an order for ten thousand pieces this very day, if I would have done it at your figure."

"Ah! Mr. Hanna!" sighed the Jew.

"Ah! Mr. Nicks," repeated Michael.

"I suppose I must give you your price."

"If you have them."

"Why, I have seven in stock at the same figure," added the purchaser, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"As you please."

"But not a word about the Russian market."

As the contract was concluded, Mr. Ashton took up to the speaker, whilst Mr. Isaacs handed to the Jew, and shook hands with Mr. Hanna.

"Is I interrupt?"

"No; the affair is settled."

"Then I wished—"

As old fellow, that!" said Mr. Ashton, looking after Michael. "Can't quite make out the diminishing singular about him. Deals in everything?"

"Yes; he has made money."

"And by the fairest means, if all that is said about him is true. What do you suppose, I said Mr. Ashton, "was his last speculation?"

"Shavings, perhaps."

"No."

"Cotton?"

"Guess again."

"I am no Giffgaff."

"Shoddy?"

"Shoddies!" repeated Michael Hanna, greatly surprised.

"You don't feel more astonished than I did," observed his informant. "I was at poor Bellew's house a few days after the death of his daughter, and was informed by the confidential servant that Mr. Hanna had purchased the shoddies of the late Dr. Bellew."

"Did he buy them, too?"

"No; only the shoddies. Dr. B——, who wanted them for the museum, was outrageous; and I was given to understand by the servant that Mr. Hanna had purchased to purchase them."

"Perhaps, Dr. you know whose shoddies had been?"

"Not I."

Michael Hanna appeared unheeded and to some very interesting reflection.

"Are we walking towards your coaching-house?" inquired Mr. Ashton.

"No. I am going to call upon a young man whom I have not seen for many months—poor fellow!"

There was something strange as well as sad in the tone in which Michael Hanna said his last words, and his companion looked at him with wonder. His benefit from the unfortunate Bentley was not generally known.

"Is a young man, Mr. Ashton," said Michael Hanna, "whom I would have known before, but for my own prejudice. He is a relative of my family. Nelson had gifted Willis with a fine voice, and he was destined for the church. His assistance of old John, he had cultivated.

"Is a fine old man, and I love him," said the latter; "I can visit; finish your lesson."

"No; I am not invited after her mother—blunted and belittled. She was not seen since her father's death."

"Is her grandfather," whispered her father, with a deepened emphasis, the voice of the speaker.

Michael Hanna remained for a few days at Manchester, during which he so well knew how to veil his motive, he succeeded to lead to speak of his early days, his first meeting with John Bentley, and the circumstances which led Bentley, and their attendance with the gipsies.

"Is a strange story," observed the old man, something for you," he observed. "For you and I, indeed."

"Indeed."

"Is a true story," replied the old man. "Is a story of deep interest, the victim of the most unfeeling conduct. Is a story of everything."

"Without a will, sir?"

"Yes."

"What became, then, of the one I witnessed?"

"Is destroyed," replied Michael Hanna, gaily. "You witnessed a will signed by a dying brother! When? Where? How long since?"

About a year before John Bentley married his daughter," replied the blind man. "I do not remember the circumstance as well as if it were but yesterday. He called at both the two reading-house; he had brought it ready drawn from Manchester, and signed it in our presence."

"If we could only find it!" muttered his visitor, but in a tone which was lost on the ear of his host.

"Is a strange story," repeated the old man; "Is a story of mystery, and I am advertising with the gipsies.

Twenty one day years or service," he thought, "Perhaps the withdrawn can say—this time from the grave. The blow will fall; of that I feel assured, although I may not live to see it. I have had my brother off all intercourse with my niece. Her son might——— No, I dare not trust him. Where can I to find an agent?"

He reflected for some minutes. At last a thing which he had long in his pocket as he pondered the name of Miss Westbury.

The object now in view was difficult, and required both time and caution to carry to a successful issue.

Time rolled on without any very material event taking place. Gilbert quitted Eton, and obtained a commission in the Guards. A year afterwards he married Lady Augusta Clanwarth, the only daughter of an ancient but impoverished peer.

As to father her ladyship's father to consent to the connection, John Bentley settled the greater part of his fortune upon his eldest son. Neither his wife nor Frederick was invited to the marriage. A formal letter to the former informed her of the arrangement.

"I trust he will be happy," said Mrs. Bentley, with a sigh.

"I don't," exclaimed her aunt. "A bad son does not deserve to be happy. What! marry without even the formality of asking your consent—your blessing—from his merciless father decried his fortune!"

"Hush! You forget who is present."

Her niece pointed to her second son.

"I am sure that he does not," observed the latter, "would be untrue; but believe me, dear mother, it is no poor account more than my own."

His mother did believe him.

"Your father speaks of the sacrifices he has made to secure the happiness of Gilbert."

"Sacrifice!" repeated Miss Westbury; indignantly. "What is his talk of sacrifices?"

"And urges the necessity of economy at home. I will not disappoint him," added the youth, directed woman.

"Economy!" said Fred. "Why, the will was never more prosperous. Your expenditure is a mere trifle. I am content with my father's love. I will not allude to my own," he added. "You have enough to think of."

"Take no notice of his latter, Mary," said her aunt.

"I shall only answer him by silence," observed Mrs. Bentley, sadly.

"I will answer it," mother," exclaimed her son, "for I am sure that you will not be silent. I trust, as well as yours. It is time that I earn a home for myself within my father—not on my account, but yours."

"You are right, my dear boy," sighed the old maid, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him. "I told you, Mary, God would bless you for your kindness to your children."

"And He has done so," she added; "He has done so."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAUGHT IN THE FACT.

A certain notable housewife had observed that her husband's pocket-book was getting remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook to keep a sharp eye on the butcher's bills. One day the cook's character was at stake; unwilling to give warning, with such an imputation on her character, she kept a sharp look-out, and perceived that the butcher's boy, who was in the habit of bringing the meat, was in the habit of cutting off a piece of meat, and putting it in his pocket. The cook, who was a shrewd woman, determined to watch him, and she spoke to the cook to keep a sharp eye on

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

LILIAN.

BY ALICE CARY.

In the wintry mist November,
Nor the night-bird sang for more,
Viewed the sun with red and amber,
Lilian being to be born—
Lilian, darling.

Radiant with heavenly splendor,
Radiant with light she came:
And we chose the lily model,
And we gave it for a name
To our darling.

All with golden-colored tresses,
Falling round her like a veil:
All with deep warmth of kisses
On her cheek, so sweet and pale,
Grew the maiden.

Milk-white fingers for an evening,
Thaid eyes of trusting bliss,
Heart to bless and to be blessing,
Resting evermore so true.
With love's balm.

Dreaming, dreaming, ever dreaming,
Such a dove and daydream is
Hope while her future glistening?
Golly as a summer day
Slips for blooming.

Flying, flying, ever flying,
Such a dove and such a sight,
On her cheek of pale reclining,
Frail, and faded lily white
Droop the evening.

In the winter, wild March morning,
Ere the eastern bird had sung
For the lark, the dove returning,
Through the clouds that lowly hung,
Dim and early—

On her bed, her last a-dressing,
On her pillow white as snow,
Came from all the low-delivered Heaven
Some from hope's illusive glow,
Lay our Lily.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 10.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

A PAIR OF LIONS.

I don't think that the presence of any other living thing could have been more welcome than was that of old Pitsedon. The very atmosphere about us seemed changed, and the memories of home were drawn nearer to our minds. As for the corpulent old darkey himself, he was fairly frantic with joy; and Sim Gilroy frankly confessed that there was no friend he would rather have seen than the old knob-head cook of either mess. As I had expected, Sim was summoned immediately. Ben Gilroy could not keep his hands off from the darkey, and the old scenes were revived.

The finding of Pitsedon had detained us almost half a day, so that we did not reach Polecat so soon as we had expected. On the morning of the second day I was aroused by a loud report.

"Laughter from Abner Jackson; and in a moment more I heard the voice of Pitsedon.

"Hi! Took care, old Bob Gilroy! By golly, if yo don't let de chile alone, he'll 'stroke' yo!

When I reached the ground, I found Ben tantalizing the darkey after his old fashion. Pitsedon was not quite so tall as Ben, and not quite so fat, and he was by no means muscular. As I saw the muscles of those big black arms work up and down, I said to Ben, "It's a chance at a scuffle would be a good one."

"Scuffle, indeed! Fun, as Ben made a spoke at him.

"No spunk, I'd say, answered Ben.

"Down white!" cried Sim, with another poke.

"Down dar!" replied Pitsedon. And as he spoke, he seized Ben by the collar and the knee, and held him easily and gently upon the ground; and before the fallen man could rise, the darkey had taken refuge behind one of the wagons.

And the fun that started was kept up through the day, when nothing else commanded Sim's attention. He seemed to gain flesh in bestowing his sable attentions, while Pitsedon himself also relished and enjoyed it.

At length we reached Polecat, a village of the Saccatoga. It was situated in a pleasant valley, close by a range of rocky hills, and consisted of about two hundred, counted both ends, crooked and mud and moss. The name of the chief was Kippoo Smith, a dumpy, low-shouldered fellow, about forty years of age, and as dirty as a scarecrow. We asked him if he knew any bears in his neighborhood, and he informed us that there were two, at least, that had been a great deal of the mischief of late; and when we told him that we wanted to find them, he seemed anxious to increase as for by. I had no objection to his gratitude; but when he came to open his arms, as though he would make a more emphatic demonstration, I moved back out of his way.

I soon learned that the Pofoochi chieftain had reason to be grateful for our coming. Not only had the cares of his tribe suffered from the depredations of the two Bens, but many cows had been killed, and two more by at the point of death, their flesh torn in large slices of the hams. Kippoo Smith said that he would take twenty of his most valiant hunters, and guide us to the place where the lions would be most likely to come. He could not answer to that we should meet with them on that first night; but we would be sure to fall in with them in a few days. We had eaten our dinner, and I was engaged in cleaning my rifles, when the chief came running to me in our wake, followed by several of his people.

"We will find the lions to-night!" he cried, as he came up to me.

I asked him how he knew.

He replied that two of his men, when he passed them, had just brought in certain information. They had found the carcass of an ox, which the lions had killed, and only very little of the flesh had been devoured.

Had the ox been killed recently?

Yes, it had certainly been slain during the past night, for the blood was fresh.

I had, at that time, no actual experience in lion-killing; but I had very eminent upon the work without some study and preparation. I believed that I had made myself sufficiently acquainted with the nature and habits of the forest monarch, and I had not yet grown with much confidence. I knew that if the lion had slain an ox on the previous night, he would return to the body to pay a visit to the place of repast on the night to come. This was almost certain. So the best thing for us to do was to go to the spot, prepared for the work, and, if possible, take him by surprise.

As the shades of evening began to gather over the vale my preparations were all made. My double-barrelled rifle was charged with two polished balls, and slung over my back, and my Winsley rifle, with one of its best steel-eyed chiencapin bullets, I carried in my hands. I changed my heaviest plaids for scarce wool, and placed them in my belt; for the time had been when, in the heat of zeal, they had been me essential service. The rest of my party were equally careful in the preparation of their armament; and just as the stars began to peep forth we set out. The evening was almost as light as day; for the moon was well nigh its full, and rode high enough to cast its beams into the forest glades.

According to promise, Kippoo Smith selected twenty of his hunters, armed with bows and spears, and led us forth upon our way. The path was comparatively an easy one, and at the distance of about three miles from the village we came to the spot where lay the carcass of the ox. The situation was favorable. The carcass lay near to the margin of a spring of water, in an open, sandy space, half an acre, or more, in extent. On the opposite side from the spring, and distant some fifty yards from the dead ox, was a line of bushes, which afforded us a convenient cover. I selected the spot for our post with a view to the moonlight, so that the direction of the moon's rays could be favorable to our aim. The Saccatoga were very careful to take their stations behind us; and, last and naked me as many as a dozen times if I thought I could take a sure, steady shot. I promptly trembled a little.

At about nine o'clock the calmness of the air was greatly moved by a low, murmuring sound, as though the wind were sighing through some distant forest. In a few moments the volume of tone increased, till it resembled the rush of waters through a deep ravine—a mounting, murmuring sound, gradually growing in power, swelling as though the rumbling of an earthquake were joining the rush of water—higher and higher, deeper and deeper—the murmur increasing to a roar, and the roar growing more grand and terrific. By and by the forest was

filled by the mighty sound, and the solid earth trembled beneath the vociferous vibrations.

It was evident that some wild beasts, like the wilderness. I had heard something approaching it in the Ornithological Society's Hall; and I knew what it meant. My heart seemed to stop its beating for a time, while my nerves were set like wires of steel.

"My soul!" whispered Harry Rosh, who kneeled next to me, "is not that grand!"

Surely it was grand.

Kippoo Smith volunteered the information that it was the roar of a lion—both of them, as he then he asked me if I was not afraid. There was something in his trembling, half-frightened voice that disgusted me, and I made him no reply.

Harry half up his head, and bent his ear.

It was like the pealing of thunder! A second lion had joined in with the first, and together all the roar were startling and fearful. For some minutes the terrific sounds continued to increase, and then it slackened, and finally died away to a low, whining growl; and in a little while all was still.

How deathly, how ghostly that stillness was! I could hear the beating of my own heart, and I could also hear the quivering of the Saccatoga chieftain behind me. The calmness crept on, and presently Kippoo Smith touched me upon the shoulder.

"They are coming!" he whispered. "If your hand keeps steady, they will fall."

My boy Dan, who stood close by me, interrupted this whisper, and I told him to inform the chief that he had better be prepared for the worst.

At the far end of the opening, in the edge of the thorn-bushes, came two lions. They were not excited in the least. They moved slowly and secret. They had carried their supper, and were coming to enjoy it. They were not half so fearless as at that, beside knocking the bottom out of my nerves, having succeeded in somewhat it, he jess is off one wheel of his cart enough. They were not half so fearless as to Pisidophis occasionally to air one's nostrils with a sniff of fresh air. They had their own things, each day, the "every family must have," what little breeze there was to waft the scent of civilization. What a blessing to these public and private heads, in every family, every family are gullible housekeepers and matrons who, the gases escaping from the sewers and house-drains, and the consequent fevers and diphtheria, would not find for the latest shaving-soap, or the latest cosmetic certainly, they would be of no use to us, seeing that we had the gases escaping from the sewers and house-drains, and the consequent fevers and diphtheria, and we could